

Accessions

151.540

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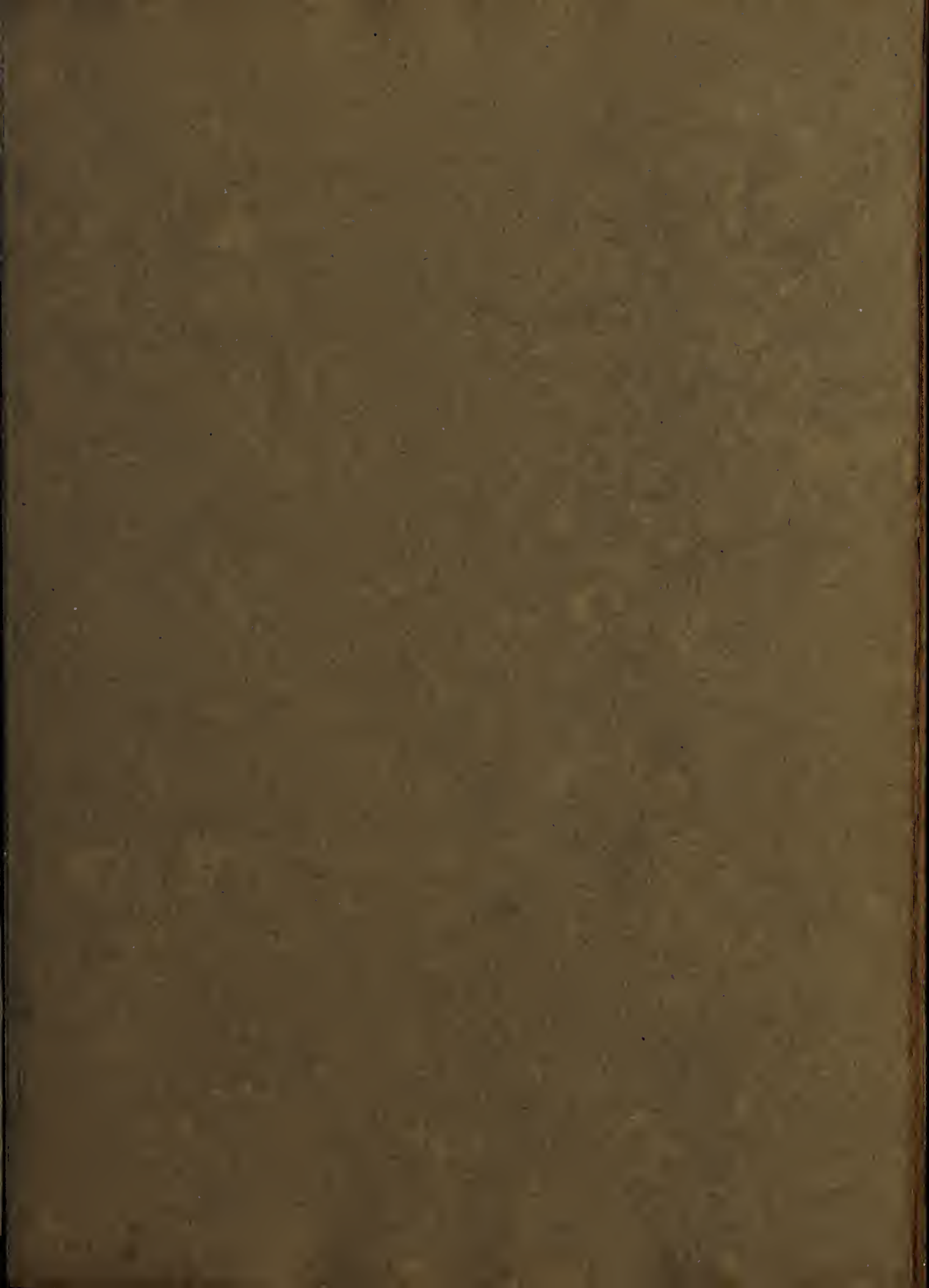


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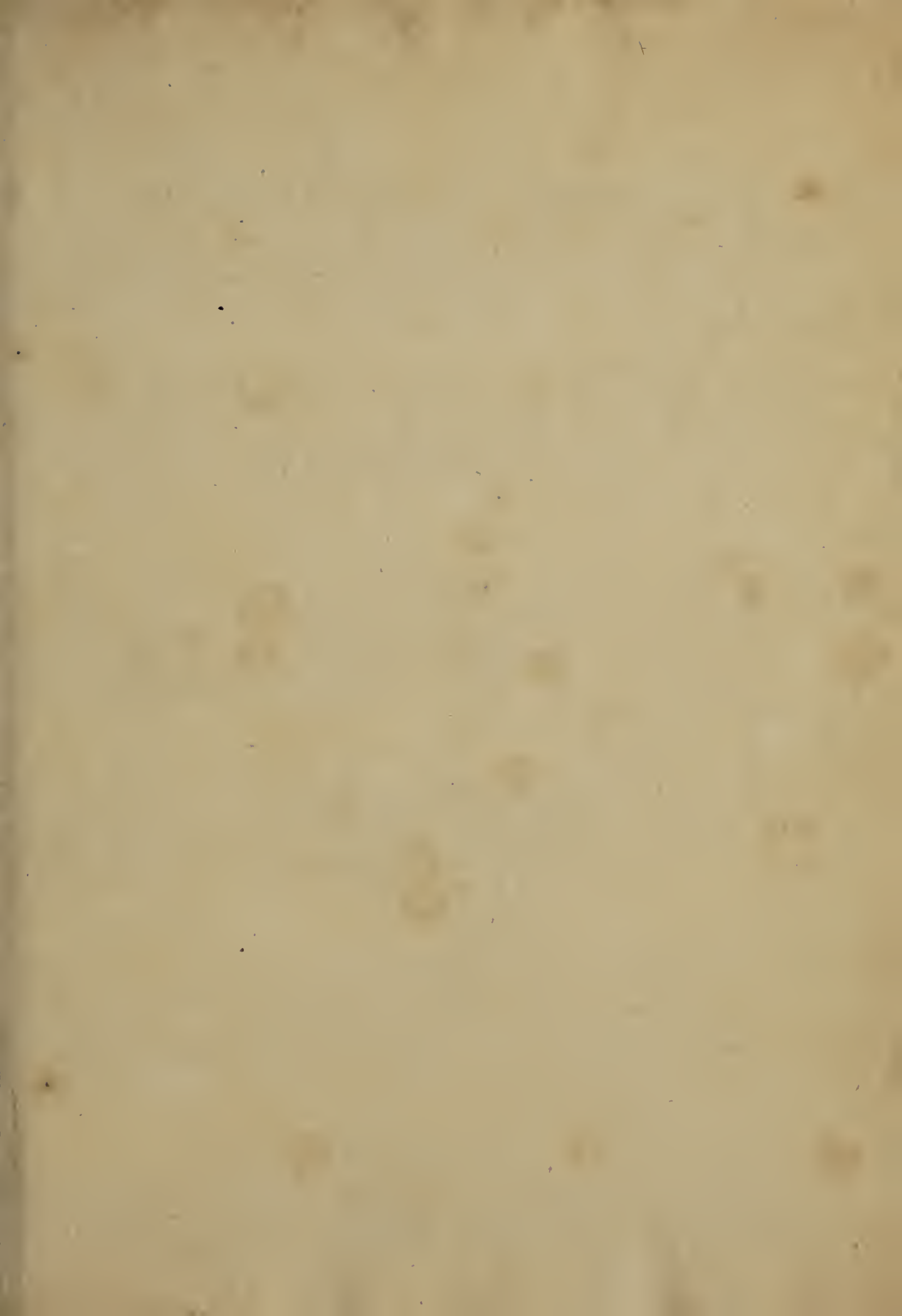
Received, May, 1873.

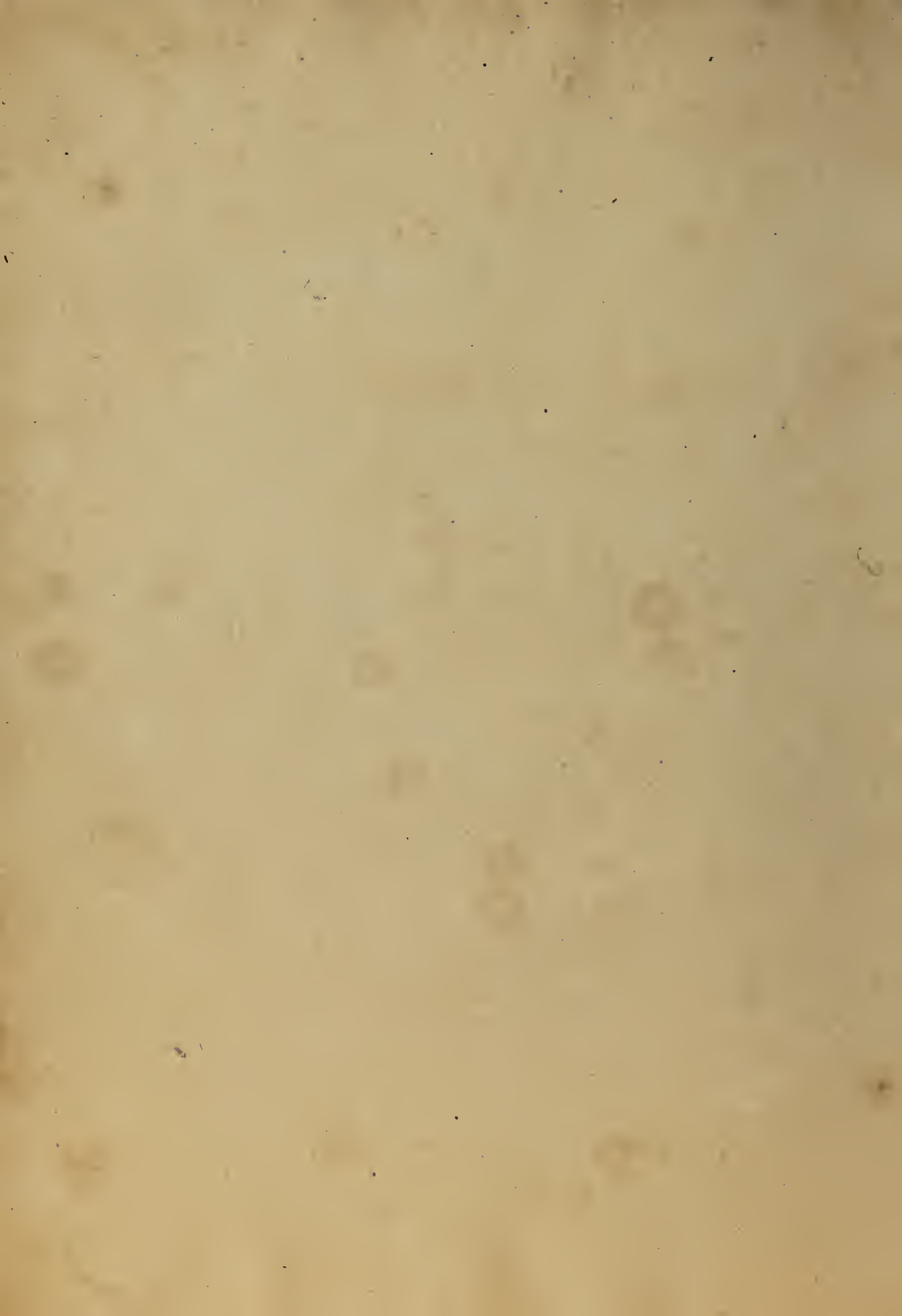
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10
A
Pleasant Comedie,

Called
VVILY BEGVILDE

The chief Actors are these :

A { *Poor Scholler.*
Rich Fool,
and a
Knave at a shift.



L O N D O N.

Printed for *William Gilbertson*, and are to be sold at his
Shop at the Sign of the Bible in *Gilt-spur-street*
without *New-gate*.

157,540

May, 1873

Gripe, an Ufurer.
 Ploddal, a Farmer.
 Sophos, a Scholler.
 Churms, a Lawyer.
 Robin-good, fellow.
 Fortunatus, Gripes Son.
 Lelia, Gripes Daughter.
 Nurse.

{ Peter Ploddal, Ploddals Son.
 { Peg, Nurses Daughter.
 { Will. Cricket.
 { Mother Midnight.
 { An old Man,
 { Silvanus.
 { Clark.

SPECTRUM.

The Prologue.

What ho, where are these paltry Players? still porring
 in their Papers, and never perfect? for shame come forth
 your Audience stay so long, their eyes wax dim with
 expectation.

Enter one of the Players.

How now my honest Rogue, what Play shall we have here to night?
 Play. Sir, you may look upon the Title.

Pro. What Spectrum once again? why noble Cerberus, nothing
 but Patch-pannel stuffe, old Gally-mawfries and Cotten-kandle elo-
 quence? Out you bawling Bandog foxfurd slave, you dried Stock-
 fish you, out of my sight.

Exit the Player.

Well, 'tis no matter: Ile sit me down and see it, and for fault of
 a better, Ile supply the place of a scurvy Prologue.

Spectrum is a looking glasse indeed,
 Wherein a man a History may read
 Of base conceits, and damned roguery:
 The very sink of hell-bred villany.

Enter a Jugler.

Jug. Why how now my humerous George? what as melancholly
 as a Mantletree?

Will you see any tricks of Legerdemain, slight of hand, cleanly
 conveyance, or Deceptio visus? what will you see Gentleman, to

THE PROLOGUE.

Pro. Out you Soust-Gurnet, you Wooll-fist, be gone I say, and bid the Players dispatch and come quickly: and tell their fiery Poet, that before I have done with him, Ile make him do penance upon a stage in a Calves skin.

Jug. O Lord, sir, yee are deceived in me, I am no tale carrier; I am a Jugler.

I have the superficial skill of all the seven liberal Sciences at my fingers end.

Ile shew a trick of the twelves, and turn him over the thumbs with a trice.

Ile make him fly swifter then meditation.

Ile shew you as many toyes, as their be minutes in a moneth, and as many tricks as their be motes in the sun.

Pro. Prethee what tricks canst thou do?

Jug. Marry sir, I will shew you a trick of cleanly conveyance.

Hey fortuna furim nunquam credo, with a cast of clean conveyance: come aloft Jack for thy Masters advantage (hee's gone I warrant ye, { Spectrum is conveyed away, and Wily-beguilde stands in the place of it.

Pro. Mas and 'tis well done: now I see thou canst do something. Hold thee; their is twelve pence for thy labour: Go to that Brain-froth Poet, and to him say, He hath quite lost the Title of his Play, His Calf-skin jests from hence are clean exil'd, Thus once you see that Wily is beguild. *Exit the Jugler.*

Pro. Now kind spectators I dare boldly say, You are all welcome to our Authors Play: Be still a while, and ere we go, Wee'l make your eyes with laughter flow. Let Momus mates judge how they list, We fear not what they babble, Nor any paltry Poets Pen, Amongst that rascall rabble, But time forbids me further speech, My tongue must stop her race: My time is come, I must be dumbe, And give the Actors place.

Exit.

Wily



VVILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe solus.

A Heavy purse makes a light heart: Oh the consideration of this Pouch, this Pouch!

Why, he that has money, has hearts ease, and the world in a string.

O this rich chink, and silver Coyn, it is the consolation of the world.

I can sit at home quietly in my chamber, and send out my Angels by Sea and by Land, and bid fly villains, and fetch in ten in the hundred: I, and a better penny too. Let me see, I have but two Children in all the world to bestow my goods upon, *Fortunatus* my son, and *Lelia* my daughter: For my son he follows the Wars, and that which he gets with swaggering, he spends in swaggering: But i'll curb him, his allowance whilst I live, shall be smal, and so he shall be sure not to spend much: and if I die, I will leave him a portion, that (if he be a good husband and follow his fathers steps) shall maintain him like a Gentleman: and if he will not, let him fol ow his own humour till he be weary of it, and so let him go. Now for my daughter she is my onely joy, and the staffe of my age, and I have bestowed good bringing up of her (barlady:) why she is ene modesty it selfe, it dos me good to look on her. Now if I can hearken out some wealthy marriage for her. I have my onely desire.

Mas, and well remembred, here's my neighbour *Ploddal* bard by, has but one only son and (let me see) I take it, his Lands are beter than five thousand pounds, now if I can make a match between his son and my daughter, and so join his land and money together, O twil be a blessed Union. Well, Ile in, and get a scrivener: Ile write to him about it presently. But stay here comes Master *Churms* the Lawyer, Ile desire him to do so much.

Enter Churms.

Churms Good morrow M. *Gripe*.

Gripe. O good morrow M. *Churms*.

What say my two debtors, that I lent 120. pounds to?
Will they not pay use, and charges of suit?

Churms. Faith sir, I doubt they are bankrouts :
I would you had your principal.

Gripe. Nay, Ile have all, or ile imprisont their bodies.
But *M. Churms* there is a matter I would fain have you do but
you must be very secret.

Churms. O sir, fear not that, Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is, My neighbour *Ploddall* hererby, you
know is a man of very fair land, and he has but one son, upon
whom he means to bestow all he has : Now I would make a
match between my daughter *Lelia* and him: what think you of it?

Churms Marry I think 'twould be a good match : but the
young man has had very simple bringing up.

Gripe. Tush, what care I for that, so he have land and livings
enough ? my daughter has bringing up, will serve them both.
Now I would have you to write me a Letter to Goodman *Plod-*
dal concerning this matter, and Ile please you for your pains.

Churms. Ile warrant you sir, Ile do it artificially.

Gripe Do good *M. Churms*: but be very secret. I have some bu-
siness this morning, and therefore Ile leave you a while : and if
you will come to dinner to me anon, you shall be very heartily
welcome.

Exit Gripe.

Churms. Thankes good sir, Ile trouble you.
Now 'twere a good jest, if I could couzen the old Churle of his
daughter and get the wench my self.

Gentlemen I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall*: and
though his father be as good a man as mine, yet far fetcht and
dear bought is good for Ladies, and I am sure I have been as far
as *Cales*, to fetch that I have.

I have been at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a souldier; and now
in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree shal be a Conic-
cher.

For Ile go near to couzen old father share-penny of his daugh-
ter : ile cast about ile warrant him;
Ile go dine with him; and write him this Letter:

And then Ile seek out my kind companion *Robin Good-fellow*
and betwixt us weel make her yeild to any thing. Wee'l ha the
common Law oth one hand, and the civil Law oth tother:

WILY BEGUILDE.

Enter old Ploddall, and his son Peter, an old man

Ploddalls Tenant, and Will Criker his son.

Ploddal. Ah Tenant, an ill husband (berlady:) thrice at thy house, and never at home?

You know my minde: will you give ten shillings more rent? I must discharge you else.

Oldman. Alas Landlord, will you undoe me? I sit of a great rent already, and am very poor.

Will. Cr. Very poor? y^e are a very Afs. Lord, how my stomach wambles at the same word, very poor!

Father, if you love your son *William*, never name that same word very poor:

For Ile stand to it, that t^s pettilasseny to name very poor, to a man that's oth top of his marriage.

Oldman. Why son, art oth top of thy marriage? to whom I prethee?

Will. Marry to pretty *Pegge*, mistress *Lelias* nurses daughter:

O, tis the daprest Wench that ever danc'd after a Taber and Pipe:

For she will so heel it, and toe it, and trip it;
O her buttocks will quake like a Custard.

P. Ploddall. Why *William*, when were you there?

Will. O, *Peter*, does your mouth water at that?

Truly I was never with her, but I know I shall speed,

For tother day she lookt on me and laught, and that's a good sign (ye know) and therefore old Silver-top, never talke of charging or discharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire and if you discharge me, Ile discharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house before my leas be out, is cut-throatery; and to scrape for more rent, is pole-penury.

And so fare-you-well, good Granfire Usury: come father lets be gone.

Exeunt Will, and his father.

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaves to packe for this:

Ile have it every cross, income, and rent to. *Enter Chur.*

But stay, here comes one: O, 'tis *M. Churms*. *With a let.*

I hope he brings me some good news.

M. Churms. Y^e are well met, I am eⁿ almost starv'd for mony.

You must take some speedy course vwith my Tenants: they'll not pay.

Churms. Faith sir, they are grown to be captious knaves. But Ile move them with a *Habeas Corpus*.

Plod. Do good M. *Churms*, or use any other villanous course shall please you.

But what news abroad?

Churms. Faith little news: But here's a Letter which M. *Gripe* desired me to deliver you. And though it stands not with my reputation, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concern you, I thought it better something to abase my self, than you should be any ways hindered.

Ploddall. Thanks good sir, and Ile in and read it.

Exeunt Ploddall and his son.

Manet Churms.

Churms. Thus men of reach must look to live,
I cry content, and murder where I kisse.

Gripe takes me for his faithful friend,
Impartes to me the secrets of his heart;
And *Ploddall* thinks I am as true a friend,
To every enterprise he takes in hand,
As ever breath'd under the cope of heaven:
But whip me if they find it so.

All this makes for my availe,
Ile ha the wench my self, or else my wits shall fail.

Exit.

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of flowers.

Lelia. See how the earth (the fragrant Spring) is clad,
And mantled round in sweet Nymph *Floraes* robes,
Here growes th' alluring Rose,
Sweet Marigolds, and the lovely Hyacinth:
Come *Nurse* gather:

A crown of Roses shall adorn my head,
Ile prank my self with flowers of the Prime,
And thus Ile spend away my Primerose time.

Nurse. Rusty, rusty; are you so frolike?
O that you knew so much as I do, 'twould coole you!

Le. Why, what know'st thou *Nurse*? prethee tel me.

Nurse. Heavy news ifaith *Mistress*,
You must be matched and married to a Husband: ha, ha, ha, ha,
a Husband ifaith.

Lelia

WILT BEGUILDE.

Lelia. a husband, *Nurse*? why thats good newes, if he be a good one.

Nurse. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha; why woman, I heard your father say, that he would marry you to *Peter Ploddall* that Puck-fist, that snudge snout, that Cole-carrierly Clown. Lord 'twould be as good as meat and drink to me, to see how the fool would woo you.

Lelia. No, no my father did but jest: thinkest thou that I can stoop so low to take a Brown-bread-crust, and wed a Clown that's brought up at Cart?

Nurse. Cart, quotha? I, heel cart you; for he cannot tell how to court you.

Lelia. Ah *Nurse*, sweet *Sophos* is the man,
Whose love is lockt in *Lelias* tender brest;
This heart hath vow'd (if heavens do not denie,)
My love with his intomb'd in earth shall lie.

Nurse. Peace mistrisse, stand aside, here comes some body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos. *Optatis non est spes ulla potiri*
Yet *Phæbus* send down thy tralucient beams,
Behold the earth that mourns in sad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* presence gins to droop,
Whose trickling tears for *Lelias* losse,
Do turn the Plains into a standing pool:
Sweet *Cynthia* smile, chear up thy drooping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more see a Sun-shine day,
O let the sacred center of my heart,
I mean fair *Lelia* Natures fairest work,
Be once again the object to mine eyes.
O but I wish in vain, whilst her I wish to see,
Her Father he obscures her from my sight,
He pleades my want of wealth,
And sayes, it is a bar in *Venus* Court.
How bath fond fortune by her fatall doom,
Predestin'd me to live in haplesse hopes,
Still turning false, her fickle wavering wheel;
And Loves fair goddesse, with her *Cyrcan* cup,
Inchanteth so fond *Cupids* poisoned darts;

WILY BEGUILDE.

That love the only Loadstar of my life,
Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth:
But stay,

What do I say see, what do mine eyes behold?
(O happy sight) it is fair *Lelia* face.

Hail, heavens bright nymph, the period of my grief
Sole guidress of my thoughts, and author of my joy.

Lelia. Sweet *Sophos*, wellcome to *Lilia*,
Fair *Dido* *Carthaginians* beautilous Queen.
Not half so joyful was, when as the *Trojan* Prince
Eneas, landed on the sandy shores

Of *Carthage* Confines, as thy *Lelia* is,
To see her *Sophos* here arriv'd by chance.

Sophos. And blest be chance that hath conducted me,
unto the place where I might see my dear,
As dear to me as is the dearest life.

Nurse. Sir, you my see that Fortune is your friend.

Sophos. Yes Fortune favours fools.

Nurse. By that conclusion you should not be wise.

Lelia. Foul fortune sometime smiles on Vertue fair.

Sophos. Tis then to shew her mutabilitie:

But since amidst ten thousand frowning threats
Of fickle fortunes thrice unconstant wheele,
She dains to shew one little pleasing smile,
Let's do our best false fortune to beguile,
And take advantage of her ever-changing moods.
See, see, how *Tellus* spangled mantle smiles,
And Birds do chant their rurall sugred notes,
As ravisht with our meetings sweet delights.
Since then there sits for love, both time and place,
Let love and liking, hand in hand imbrace.

Nurse. Sir, the next way to win her, is to linger her leisure.

I measure my mistress by my lovely self, make a promise to a
man, and keep it: I have but one fault, I ne'r made promise in
my life, but I stick to it tooth and nail: Ile pay it home ifaith.

If I promise my love a kiss, Ile give him two: marry at first I
will make nice, and cry fie, fie; and that will make him come a-
gain and again.

Ile

WILT BEGUILDE.

He make him break his wind with come againes.

Sophos. But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* love?

Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind Boy,
That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* heart,
Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force percorce, I yeild the fortresse up:
Here *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand a loyal heart.
High *Jove* that ruleth Heavens bright Canopy,
Grant to our love a wisht felicity.

Sophos. As joyes the weary Pilgrime by the way
When *Phebus* waves unto the Western deep,
To summon him to his desired rest:
Or as the poor distressed Mariner,
Long tost by shipwrack on the foaming waves,
At length behold's the long wisht Haven;
Although from far, his heart doth dance for joy.
So loves consent at length my mind hath eas'd,
My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia. My father reckes no Vertue,
But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,
And swears his Gold shall counterpoyse his worth:
But *Lelia* scornes proud *Mammors* golden mines,
And better likes of learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond fortunes glistering mockeries:
But *Sophos*, try thy wits and use thy utmost skill,
To please my father, and compasse his good will.

So. To what fair *Belias* will's doth *Sophos* yeild content.
Yet thats the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe:
But were that venture harder to atchieve
Then that of *Jason* for the golden Fleece,
I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,
Or leave my self as witnesse of my thoughts.

Nurse. How say you by that, Mistresse? hee'l do any thing for your sake.

Lelia. Thanks gentle Love,
But lest my father should suspect,
Whose jealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,

WILT BEGUILDE.

Doth measure every gesture that I use:

Ile in and leave you alone,

Adieu, sweet friend, untill we meet again:

Come Nurse follow me.

Exeunt Nurse and Lelia.

Sophos. Farewell, my Love, fair fortune be thy guid.

Now *Sophos*, now bethink thy self

How thou maist win her fathers will to knit this happy knot.

Alas, thy state is poor, thy friends are few,

And fear forbids to tell thy fates to friend;

Well, Ile trie my fortunes;

And find out some convenient time,

When as her fathers leisure best shall serve

To confer with him about fair *Lelias* love.

Exit. Sophos.

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms and Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Master *Churms*,

Yare welcome to my house:

What news in the Country, Neighbour? you are a good Husband, you have done sowing Barley, I am sure.

Ploddal. Yes sir (and't please you) a fortnight since.

Gripe. M. *Churms*, what say my debtors? can you get any money of them yet?

Churms. Not yet sir, I doubt they are scarce able to pay: You must e'ne forbear them a while, they'l exclaim on you else.

Gripe. Let them exclaim and hang, and starve, and beg: let me ha my money.

Ploddall. Here's this good-fellow too, Master *Churms*, I must e'en put him and his father over into your hands; they'l pay me no rent.

Will. Cric. This good fellow quotha? I scorn that base, broking, brabbling, brawling, bastardly, bottlenos'd, beetlebrowd bean-bellied name.

Why, *Robin good-fellow* is this same cogging, pettifogging crackropes, calves-skins companion.

Put me and my father, over to him? old Silver-top, and you had not put me before my father, I would ha ———

Ploddall. What wouldest ha done?

Will. I would have had a snatcht at you, that I would,

Churms. What art a Dog?

WILLY BEGVILDE.

Will. No, if I had been a Dog, I would ha snapt off your nose ere this, and so have couzend the Devil of a marie-bone.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controversie, Prethee go thy waies in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of Sack here for my friends.

Will. would you have a sack sir?

Cripe. Away fool, a cup of Sack to drink.

Will. O, I had thought you would have had a sack to have put this law cracking cogfoyst in, in stead of a pair of stocks.

Gripe. Away fool get thee in I say.

Will. Into the buttrerie you mean?

Gripe. I prethee do.

Will. Ile make your hogthead of sack rue that word.

Exit Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, I sent a letter to you by Master *Churms*, how like you of the motion?

Plod. Marry I like well of the motion: my son I tell you is ev'n all the stay I have: and all my care is to have him take one that hath something, for as the world goes now if they have nothing, they may go beg.

But I doubt he's too simple for your Daighter: for I have brought him up hardlie, with brown bread, fat Bacon, puddings and Souce, and (barladie we think it good fare too.

Gripe. Tushman, I care not for that. you ha no more children youl make him your heir, and give him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall. Yes he is ev'n all I have, I have no body else to bestow it upon.

Cripe. You say well.

Enter Will Cricket, and a Boy, with wine and a Napkin.

Will. Nay hear you, drink before you bargain.

Cri. Mas tis a good motion. } *He fills them wine, and gives*
Boy, fill some wine. } *them the Napkin.*

Here neighbour, and M *Churms*. I drink to you.

Both. We thank you Sir.

Will. Lawyer wipe clean: do you remember?

Churms. Remember, why?

Will. Since you know when?

Churms. Since when?

WILY BEGVILDE.

Will. Why, since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly leggs would not carry your lobcock body :

When you have made an infusion of your stinking excrements, in stinking implements:

O you were plagy fraid, and fouly raid

Gripe. Prethee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*: what say you to this match: shall it go forward?

Ploddall. Sir that must be as our children like,
For my son, I think I can rule him:

Marry, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hee's very simple

Gripe. My daughter's mine to command, have I not brought her up to this?

She shall have him: Ile rule the roast for that,
Ile give her pounds and crowns, gold and silver:
Ile weigh her down in pure angel gold,
Say man is't a match?

Ploddall. Faith I agree,

Churms. But sir, if you give your daughter so large a Dowrie, you'l have some part of his land conveyed to her by jointure.

Gripe. Yes marry, that I will:
And wee'l desire your help for conveyance.

Ploddall. I good Master *Churms*, and you shall be very well contented for your pains.

Will. I marry thats it he lookt for all this while,

Churms. Sir, I will do the best I can.

Will. But Landlord, I can tell you news ifaith:
There is one *Sopho*, a brave gentleman, hee'l wipe your son *Peters* nose of Mistriss *Lelia*: I can tell you he loves her well.

Gripe. Nay, I trow,

Will. Yes I know, for I am sure I saw them close together at Poop-nody, in her Closet.

Gripe. But I am sure she loves him not.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death she loves him: For he's a Scholler: and ware Schollers, they have tricks for love ifaith; forwith a little Logick, and *Præme colloquium*, they'l make a wench do any thing.

Land-lord pray ye be not angry with me for speaking my conscience.

In

WILT BEGUILDE.

In good faith your son *Peters* a very Clown to him: Why he's as fine a man as wench can see in a Summers day.

Gripe. Well that shall not serve his turn, Ile crosse him I warrant ye.

I am glad I know it; I have suspected it a great while.

Sophos? Why whats *Sophos*? a base fellow.

Indeed he has a good wit, and can speak well,
He's a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then money;
And I like not that: he may beg for all that.

Schollers? Why what are schollers without money?

Ploddall. Faith e'ne like Puddings without suet.

Gripe. Come Neighbour, send your son to my house,
For he shall be welcome to me:

And my daughter shall entertain him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia*

Come, lets in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently.

Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall and Churms.

Will. A horn plague of this money,

For it causeth many Horns to bud:

And for money many men are horn'd

For when Maids are forc'd to love where they like not,

It makes them lye where they should not.

Ile be hang'd if ere mistress *Lelia* will ha *Peter Pladdall*,

I swear by this button-cap, (do you mark?)

And by the round, sound, and profound contents (do you understand?)

Of this costly Cod-peece, (being a good proper man as ye see)
that I could get her as soon as he my self.

And if I had not a moneths mind in another place,

I would have a fling at her thats flat:

But I must set a good Holiday face on'r,

And go a wooing to pretty *Pegge*: well Ile to her ifaith,

While 'tis in my mind: But stay, Ile see how I can woe before

I go: they say, use makes perfectness:

Look ye now, suppose this were *Pegge*,

Now I set my cap o'th toe side on this fashion (do ye see?)

then say I,

Sweet, hony, sugger candy *Pegge*,

V Whole

WILY BEGUILDE.

Whose face more fair then Brock my fathers Cow,
Whose eyes do shine like Bacon-rine,
Whose lips are blue of azure hue,
Whose crooked nose, down to her chin doth bow.

For you know I must begin to commend her beauty.

And then I will tell her plainly, that I am in love with her over
my high shoes and then I will tell her, that I do nothing of
nights but sleep and think on her, and specially of mornings:

And that does make my stomach so rise, that I be sworn I can
turn me three or four bowls of porridge over in a morning afore
breakfast.

Enter Robin-Good fellow.

Robin good fellow. How now sirrah, what make you here with
all that timber in your neck?

V Vill. Timber? Sure, I think he be a witch,
How knew he this were timber?

Mas I be speak him fair, and get out on's company: for I am a-
fraid on him.

Robin. Speak man, what art afraid? what makest here?

Will. A poor fellow sir, I ha been drinking two or three pots
of Ale at an Ale-house and ha lost my way sir.

Robin. O, nay, then I see thou art a good fellow,
Seest thou not Master *Churms* the Lawyer to day?

Will. No sir, would you speak with him?

Robin. I marry would I.

Will. If I see him, I be tell him you would speak with him,

Robin. Nay, prethee stay who wilt thou tell him would I speak
with him.

V Vill. Marry you sir.

Robin. I who am I?

V Vill. Faith sir, I know not

Robin. If thou seest him tell him *Robin-good fellow* would speak
with him.

V Vill. O, I will sir.

Exit Will. Cric.

Robin. Mas the fellow was afraid:

I play the Bug bear wheresoe'r I come,

And make them all affraid:

But here comes Master *Churms*.

Enter

WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow Robin, God save you, I have been seeking for you in every Ale house in the Town.

Robin. What, Master *Churms*? what's the best news abroad? 'tis long since I saw you.

Churms. Faith little news: but yet I am glad I have met with you.

I have a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to your self: if we can deal cunningly, 'twil be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? speak man what ist?
If it be to betray mine one father, Ile doo't for half a fee:
And for cunning, let me alone.

Churms. Why then this it is.
Here is Master *Gripe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mighty wealth, who has but one daughter; her Dowry is her weight in Gold.

Now sir, this old penny father, would marry her to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* son and heir:

Whom though his father means to leave very rich,
Yet he's a very idiot, and brown-bread Clown:
And one, I know, the wench does deadly hate;
And though their friends have given their full consent,
And both agreed on this unequal match,
Yet I know, *Lelia* will never marry him:
But there's another rival in her love, one *Sophos*,
And he's a Scholler.

One whom I think fair *Lelia* dearly loves,
But her father hates him as he hates a Toad;
For he's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold,
And still relies upon the old said law,
Si nihil attuleris, &c.

Robin. And wherein can I do you any good in this?

Churms. Marry, thus sir.

I am of late grown passing familiar with M. *Gripe*:
And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second self:

Now sir, Ile fit my self to the old crummy *Charles* humours
and make them believe Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddal*,
and so get free access to the wench at my pleasure:

WILLY BEGVILDE.

Now o'th other side, Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too ;

Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with her love of him:
And for because her father much suspects the same,
He mewes her up as men do mew their Hawks,
And so restrains her from her *Sophos* sight:
Ile say, because she doth repose more trust
Of secrecy in me, than in another man,
In courtesie she hath requested me,
To do her kindest greeting to her Love.

Robin. An excellent device, ifaith.

Churms. I fir, and by this means, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*,

I shall know his secrets even from the very bottome of his heart.

Nay more fir, you shall see me deal so cunningly, that he shall make me an instrument to compasse his desire ;
When God knows I mean nothing lesse.

Qui dissimulare nescit, nescit vivere.

Robin. Why this will be sport alone :
But what would you have me do in this action?

Churms. Marry as I play with toe hand, play you with tother.
Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,
Make him beleive you'l work miracles ,
And that you have a powder will make *Lelia* : love him:
Nay what will he not beleive, and take all that comes? (you know my mind,)

And so wee'l make a gull of the one and a Goose of the other.

And if we can invent any devise, to bring the Scholler in disgrace with her : I do not doubt, but with your help to creep between the bark and the tree, and get *Lelia* my self.

Robin. Tush man, I have a device in my head already to do that;

But they say her brother *Fortunatus* loves him dearly.

Churms. Tut, he's out of the Country.
He follows the drum and the flag.
He may chance to be kild with a double Cannon before he comes home again:

But

WILLY BEGUILDE.

But what's your device ?

Robin. Marry Ile do this ;

Ile frame an indictment against *Sophos*, in manner and form of a Rape, and the next Law day you shall prefer it ; that so *Lelia* may loath him,

Her father still deadly hate him,

And the young Gallant her brother utterly forsake him.

Churms. But how shall we prove it ?

Robin. Wee'l hire some Strumpet or other to be sworn against him.

Churms. Now (by the substance of my soul) tis an excellent devise.

Well, lets in, Ile first try my cunning, otherwise, and if all fail wee'l try this conclusion,

Exeunt

Enter Mother-Midnight, Nurse and Pegge,

Mother-Mid. Ifaith *Marget*, you must e'ne take your daughter *Peg* home again ;

For sheel not be rul'd by me.

Nurse. Why Mother ? What will she not doe ?

Mother-Mid. Faith she neither did, nor does, nor will do any thing.

Send her to th' Market with Eggs ; shee'l sell them and spend the money :

Send her to make a Pudding, shee'l put in no suet :

Shee'l run out a nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peep :

Bid her come to bed shee'l come when she list :

Ah 'tis a nasty shame to see her bringing up.

Nurse. Out you Rogue, you arrant &c. What knowst not thy Granam ?

Pegge. I know her to be a testy old fool, She's never well but grunting in a corner.

Mother-Mid. Nay shee'l campe (I warrant ye.) O she ha's a tongue.

But *Marget* ev'n take her home to your Mistresse, and there keep her ; for Ile keep her no longer.

Nurse. Mother, pray ye take some pains with her, and keep her a while longer and if she do not mend, Ile bear

WILT BEGUILDE.

When thou art ready to sleep, Ile be ready to snort :

When thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse :

When thou art sicke, Ile be ready to dye :

When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits :

And thereupon I strike thee good lucke :

Well said ifaith:

O I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart ;

Come my heart of gold, let's have a dance at the making
up of this match :

Strike up *Tom Piper.*

They dance.

Come *Pegge*, Ile take the pains to bring thee homeward,
And at twilight, look for me again.

Enter Robin Good-fellow, and Peter Plodball.

Robin. Come hither my honest friend : *M. Churms* told me
you had a suite to me.

What's the matter ?

Peter Pray ye sir, is your name *Robin-Good-fellow* ?

Robin. My name is *Robin Good-fellow.*

Peter. Marry sir, I heare y are a very cunning man sir; And sir
reverence of your worship sir, I am going a wooing to one
Mistresse Lelia a Gentlewoman here hard by : Pray ye sir, tell
me how I should behave my self, to get her to my Wife ?

For sir, there is a Scholler about her :

Now if you can tell me, how I should wipe his nose of her, I
would bestow a fee on you.

Robin. Let me see't, and thou shalt see what Ile say to
thee.

He gives him money.

Well follow my counsell, and Ile warrant thee ;

Ile give thee a Love-powder for thy wench,

And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, shall make her come off
ifaith.

Peter. Shall I trouble you so far as to take some paines with
me ?

I am loth to have the dodge.

Robin. Tush, fear not the dodge :

Ile rather put on my flashing red Nose, and my flaming Face,
and come wrapt in a Calves-skin, and cry bo, bo;

Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.

WILLY BEGUILDE.

But first go to her, try what thou canst do;
Perhaps sheele love without any further adoe;
But thou must tell her, thou hast a good stocke, some hundred or
two a yeere, and that will let her hard I warrant thee.
For by th' Masse, I was once in good comfort to have couzend a
wench:

And wots thou what I told her?

I told her, I had a hundred pound land a year in a place, where
I have not the breadth of my little finger.

I promised her to infeoff her in forty pounds a year of it; and
I think in my conscience, if I had had but as good a face as
thine,

I should have made her have curst the time that ever she see it
And thus must thou do, cracke, and lye, and face.
And thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe so: for I may say, and say true,
I have lands and living enough for a Country fellow,

Robin. Barlady so had not I, I was faine to over-reach, as
many times I doe:
But now experience hath taught me so much craft, that I excell
in cunning

Peter. Well sir, then Ile be bold to trust to your cunning, and
so Ile bid you farwell, and goe foreward:
Ile to her, that's flat.

Robin. Doe so: and let me here how you speed.

Peter. That I will sir.

Exit- Peter.

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Here's ten
groates for doing nothing:

I con Master *Churms* thanks for this,

For this was his device;

And therefore Ile goe seek him out, and give him a quart of
wine,

And know of him how he deals with the Scholler.

Exit.

Enter Churms and Sophos.

Churms. Why? look ye sir, by the Lord I can but wonder
at her father.

He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing up;

And

WILT BEGUILDE.

And though your wealth be not answerable to his,
Yet by heavens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre better than
Lelia, yet I know she loves you dearly.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamer Cham*,
Joyde not so much in his imperiall Crown,
As *Sophos* joyes in *Lelias* hope'd for love;
Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And made the proud beholders stand at gaze,
To draw loves Picture from her glauncing eye.

Churms. And I will stretch my wits unto the highest strain,
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desire.

Sophos. Thankes gentle sir. *Enter Gripe.*
But truce a while, here comes her father,
I must speak a word or two with him. *speake to himself.*

Churms. I, he'll give you your answer (I warrant ye.)

Sophos. God save you sir,

Gripe. O Master *Sophos*, I longed to speake with you a great
while,

I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelias* love,
I hope you will not seek to dishonest me, nor disgrace my
Daughter.

Sophos. No sir a man may aske a yea,
A woman may say nay,
Yet I must confesse I love *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir, I must be plain with you, I like not of your loves
Lelias, mine, Ile choose for *Lelia*,
And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any
more.

Its better for you to ply your Book, and seek for some prefer-
ment that way, than to seek for a Wife before you know how
to maintain her.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poor:
I neither want, nor ever shall exceed;
The mean is my content, Ile live twixt two extreames.

Gripe. Well, well. I tell ye, I like not yee should come
to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poor
pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia* .and therefore I charge
you

WILT BEGUILDE.

you get you off, off my ground, come no more at my House :

I like not this learning without living, I.

Sophos. He needs must go, that the Devil drives:

Sic Vertus sine censu languet.

Exit Sophos.

Gripe. O, Master *Churms*, cry you mercy sir, I saw not you? I think I have sent the Scholler away with a flea in his eare.

I trow hee'l come no more at my house.

Churms. No, for if he do, you may indite him for coming of your ground.

Gripe. Well, now Ile home, and keep in my daughter: she shall neither go to him nor send to him :

Ile watch her (I warrant her)

Be lieve me M. *Churms*, it is the peevishest girle that ever I knew in my life, she will not be rul'd I doubt :

Pray yee sir, do indeavour to perswade her to take *Peter Ploddall*.

Churms. I warrant ye, Ile perswade her fear not.

Exit.

Enter Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia What sorrow seizeth on my heavy heart ?

Consuming care possesseth every part ;

Heart-sad *Erynnis* keep his mansion here,

Within the closure of my woful brest;

And black Despair, with Iron Scepter stands,

And guides my thoughts, down to his hatefull Cell,

The wanton winds with whistling murmur bear

My piercing Plaints along the desert plains :

And woods and groves do eccho forth my woes;

The Earth blow relents in Chrystall teares,

When Heavens above, by some malignant course

Of fatall Starres, are authors of my grief.

Fond love go hide thy shafts in Follies den,

And let the world forget thy Childish force,

Or else fly, fly, pierce *Sophos* tender brest,

D

That

WILY BEGUILDE.

That he may help to sympathize these plaints,
that wring these tears from *Lelia* weeping eyes.

Nurse. Why, how now Mistress ; What is it Love that makes you weep, and tosse, and turn so at nights when you are in bed ?

Saint Leonard grant you fall not love-sicke.

Lelia. I that's the point, that pierceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vital threed,
And so make lavish of my loathed life :
Or gentle heavens would smile with fair aspect,
And so give better fortunes to my love.

Why is't not a plague to be prisoner to mine own father ?

Nurse. Yes, an'ts a shame for him to use you so too.
But be of good cheer Mistress, Ile go to *Sophos* every day,
Ile bring you tydings, and tokens too from him, (Ile warrant ye,) and if he will send you a kisse or two, Ile bring it ; Let me alone, I am good at a dead lift :

Marry I cannot blame you for loving of *Sophos*,
Why he's a man as one should picture him in wax.
But Mistress, out upon't, wipe your eyes,
For here comes another wooer.

Enter Peter Ploddall.

Peter. Mistress *Lelia*, God speed you.

Lelia That's more then we need at this time, for we are doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good to say a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But 'tis more wisdom to say nothing at all, then to speak to no purpose.

Peter. My purpose is to wive you.

Lelia. And mine is never to wed you.

Peter. Belike you are in love with some body else.

Nurse. No, but she's lustily promised ;
Hear you ; with long rifle by your side, do you lack a wife ?

Peter. Call you this a rifle ? its a good Back-sword.

Nurse. Why, then you with your Back-sword, let's see your back.

Peter

Peter. Nay, I must speak with Mistrisse *Lelia* before I go.

Lelia. What would you with me ?

Peter. Marry, I have heard very well of you ; and so has my father too,
And he has sent me to you a wooing,
And if you have any mind of marriage,
I hope I shall maintain you as well as any Husband-mans wife in the Country.

Nurse. Maintain her with what ?

Peter. Marry, with my Land and Living, my father has promis'd me.

Lelia. I have heard much of your wealth. but I never knew your manners before now.

Peter. Faith, I have no Mannors, But a pretty Homestall, and we have great store of Oxen, and Horses, and Carts, Ploughs, and household-stuffe bomination.
And great flocks of Sheep, and flocks of Geese, and Capons, and Hens, and Ducks : O, we have a fine yard of Pullen :
And thank God, here's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

Lelia. I cannot live content, in discontent :
For as no musick can delight the ears,
Where all the parts of discord are composed :
So Wedlock bands will still consist in jarres,
Where in condition ther's no sympathie :
Then rest your self contented with this answer,
I cannot love.

Peter. Its no matter what you say: for my Father told me this much before I came, that you would be something nice at first; but he bad me like you nere the worse for that, for I were the liker to speed.

Lelia. Then you were best leave off your suit, till some other time: and when my leasure serves me to love you, Ile send for you.

Peter. Will you ? well then Ile take my leave of you,
D 2 and

WILT BEGUILDE.

and if I may hear from you, Ile pay the Messenger well for his pains.

But stay: I protest, I had almost forgot my self,
Pray'ee let me kisse your hand ere I go,

Nurse. Faith Mistrisse, hismouth runs a water for a kisse
A little would serve his turn be like;
Let him kisse your hand.

Lelia. Ile not stick for that. *He kisses her hand.*

Peter Mistress *Lelia* God be with you.

Lelia. Farewell *Peter.* *Exit Peter.*

Thus Lucre set in golden chair of state,
When learning's bid, stand by and keep aloof :
This greedy humor fits my fathers vain,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gain.

Enter Churms.

Nurse Mistrisse take heed you speak nothing that will
bear action for here comes M. *Churms* the Pettifogger.

Churms. Mistress *Lelia*, rest you merry :
What's the reason, you and your Nurse walk here alone?

Lelia. Because, sir, we desire no other company but our
own.

Churms. Would I were then your own,
That I might keep you company.

Nurse. O sir, you and he that is her own, are far asunder.

Churms. But if she please, we may be nearer.

Lelia. That cannot be: mine own is nearer than my
self.

And yet my self, alas am not my own ;
Thoughts, Fears, Despairs, ten thousand Dreadfull
Dreams.

Those are mine own, and these to keep me company.

Churms. indeed, I must confesse, your father is too
cruel.

To keep you thus sequestred from the world,
To spend your prime of youth thus in obscurity,

And

And seek to wed you to an idiot fool,
 That knows not how to use himself :
 Could but my desires but answer my desires,
 I swear by *Sol* fair *Phœbus* silver eye,
 My heart would wish no higher to aspire,
 Than to be grac'd with *Lelias* love.
 Indeed I cannot play the dissembler,
 And woe my love with courting ambages,
 Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongues end,
 But in a word, I tell the sum of my desires,
 I love fair *Lelia*.

By her my passions daily are increas'd :
 And I must dye, unless by *Lelias* love they be releas'd.

Lelia. Why Master *Churms*, I had thought you had been
 my fathers great Counsellor, in all these actions.

Churms. Nay trust me not if I be :
 By Heavens sweet Nymph, I am not.

Nurse. Master *Churms*, you are one can do much with her
 father: and if you love her as you say, perswade him to use
 her more kindly, and give her liberty to take her choice: for
 these made marriages prove not well.

Churms. I protest I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
 Mean time, *Nurse*, let's in:
 My long absence I know will make my father mule.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.

Churms. So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:
 Who can but ruminate upon these words?
 Would she had said her love:
 But 'tis no matter first creep and then go;
 Now her friend: the next degree *Lelias* love.
 Well, Ile perswade her father to let her have a little more
 liberty.
 But soft Ile none of that neither,
 So the Scholler may chance couzen me.
 Perswade him to keep her in still:
 And before shee'l have *Peter Ploddall*, shee'l have any body.

WILY BEGUILDE.

And so I shall be sure that *Sophos* shall never come at her.
Why Ile warrant ye, shee'l be glad to run away with me
at length.

Hang him that has no shifts.

I promis'd *Sophos* to further him in his suit :

But if I do Ile be peckt to death with Hens.

I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia* to love *Peter*
Ploddall.

But God forgive me, it was the furthest end of my thought.

Tut, what's an oath ? every man for himself :

Ile shift for one, I warrant ye.

Exit.

Enter Fortunatus solus.

Fortu. Thus have I past the beating billowes of the sea,
By *Ithacks* rocks, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And waisted safe from *Mars* his bloody fields,
Where Trumpets sound Tantarra to the fight,
And here arriv'd for to repose my self,
Upon the borders of my native soil.

Now *Fortunatus*, bend thy happy course

Unto thy fathers house to greet thy dearest friends :

And if that still thy aged Sire survive,

Thy presence will revive his drooping spirits, (bloud

And cause his withered cheeks be sprent with youthfull

Where death of late was portraid to the quick.

But soft who comes here ?

Stand aside

Enter Robin good fellow.

Robin. I wonder I hear not of Master *Churms*.

I would fain know how he speeds,

And what success he has in *Lelias* love :

Well, if he couzen the Scholler of her,

I would make my worship laugh :

And if he have her, he may say, God a mercy *Robin good-*
fellow.

Oh, ware a good head as long as you live.

Why, Master *Gripe*, he casts beyond the Moon,

And

WILY BEGUILDE.

And *Churms* is the onely man he puts in trust with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old *Churle* would take it up-
on his salvation, that he will perswade her to marry
Peter Ploddall: But Ile make a fool of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile look him i' th' face and picke his purse,
Whil'st *Churms* coozen him of his Wench,
And my old grandfiere Holdfast of his Daughter.
And if he can doe so,

Ile teach him a trick to coozen him of his gold too.
Now for *Sophos*, let him wear the Willow garland,
And play the melancholly malecontent,
And pluck his hat downe in his sullen eyes,
And thinke on *Lelia* in these desert Groves:
'Tis enough for him to have her in his thoughts,
Although he ne'r imbrace her in his armes.
But now, there is a fine device come into my head,
To scare the Schollar :

You shall see Ile make fine sport with him.
They say that every day he keepes his walkes
Amongst these Woods and melancholly shades
And on the Barke of every sencelesse Tree.
Ingraves the Tenour of his haplesse hope.
Now when hee's at *Venus* Alter at his Orisons,
Ile put me on my great carpation Nose,
And wrap me in a rousing Clave-skin suite,
And come like some Hob-goblin, or some Devill
Ascended from the grisly pit of Hell,
And like a Scar-babe make him take his legges:
Ile play the Devill I warrant ye. *Exit Robin good-fellow.*

Fortunatus. And if you doe (by this hand) Ile play the
Conjurer.

Blush, *Fortunatus*, at the base conceit
To stand aloof, like one that's in a trance,
And with thine eyes behold that miscreant Impe,
Whose tongue more than the Serpent stings)
Before thy face thus taunt thy dearest freind?
I, thine owne Father with reproachfull tearms,

Thy

WILY BEGUILDE.

Thy sister *Lelia*, she is bought and sold,
And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
Is made a stale by this base cursed crew,
And wickned den of vagrant runnagates:
But here in sight of sacred heavens, I sweare
By all the sorrowes of the *Stigian* soules,
By *Mars* his bloody blade, and fair *Bellona's* Bowers,
I vow, these eyes shall ne'r behold my fathers face,
These feet shall never passe these desert plaines:
But Pilgrime-like, Ile wander in these woods,
Until I finde out *Sophos* secret walkes,
And sound the depth of all their plotted drifts:
Nor will I cease untill these hands revenge
Th' injurious wrong that's offered to my friend,
Upon the workes of this stratagem. *Exit.*

Enter Pegge sola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tel what to doe,
I love, and I love, and I cannot tell who:
Out upon this love:
For wot you what? I have suitors come huddle, twoes upon
twoes, and threes upon threes: and what think you troubles
mee?
I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else no bargain,

Enter Will Cricket, and kisses her.

Will. A bargain yfaith: ha my sweet hony-sops, how dost
thou?

Peg. Well I thanke you *William*, now I see y'are a man of
your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I ne'r broke pro-
(mise in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William* I know you did not:
But I had thought you had forgotten me.

Will. Dost heare *Pegge*? if e'r I forget thee,
I pray God I may never remember thee.

Pegge. Peace here comes my Grannam *Midnight*,
Enter.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Mid. What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge*, I say?
What *Pegge* my wench?
What where art thou trow?

Pegge. Here *Grannam* at your elbow.

Mother Mid. What mak'st thou here this twatter light?
I think th'art in a dream,
I think the fool haunts thee.

Will. Sounds fool in your face: fool, O monstrous intitu-
lation.

Fool? O disgrace to my person: sounds, fool not me, for I
cannot brook such a cold rasher I can tell you: give me but
such another word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer, eene of thy
butter-tooth, thou toothless Trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray be not angry, you must bear
with old folks.

They be old and teasty, hot and hasty: set not your wit a-
gainst mine, *William*.

For I thought no harm by my troth.

Will. Well, your good words have something laid my
choller.

But *Grannam*, shall I be so bold to come to your house now
and then to keep *Pegge* company?

Mother Mid. I, and beshrow thy good heart and thou dost
not:

Come, and wee'll have a piece of Barley Bag-pudding, or
something.

And thou shalt be very heartily welcome, that thou shalt,
And *Pegge* shall bid thee welcome too: pray ye Maid, bid
him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay he's a
good springold.

Pegge. *Grannam*, if you did see him dance, 'twould do your
heart good:

Lord, 'twould make any body love him, to see how finely
hee'll foot it.

Mother M. *William*, prethee goe home to my house with
me, and taste a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

WILY BEGVILDE.

way again another time.

Will. Come on Grandam, I'll man you home ifaith: come
Pegge. *Exeunt,*

*Enter Gripe, Old Ploddal, and his sonne Peter,
and Churms the Lawyer.*

Ploddal. Come hither *Peter*, hold up your head: where's your cap and leg, fir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leave Master *Gripe*.

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, give me thy hand, th'art welcome: Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour, call you him a boy?

Ploddal. A good pretty square Springold fir.

Gripe. *Peter*, you have seen my daughter I am sure: how do you like her?

What says she to you?

Peter. Faith I like her well, and I have broken my mind to her, and she would say neither I nor no:

But, thank God fir, we part. d good friends,

For she let me kisse her hand, and bid me, Farewel *Peter*,

And therefore I think I am like enough to speed:

How think ye Master *Churms*?

Churms. Marry I think so to,

For she did shew no token of any dislike of your moeion, did she?

Peter. No, not a whit fir.

Churms. Why then I warrant ye.

For we hold in our Law, that, *Idem est non apparare, et non esse.*

Gripe. Master *Churms*, I pray you doe so much as call my Daughter hither.

I will make her sure here to *Peter Ploddal*, and I'll desire you to be a witnesse.

Churms. With all my heart.

Exit Churms.

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this same M. *Churms* is a very good Lawyer: for i'll warrant, you cannot speake any thing, but he has Law for it *ad unguem*.

Ploddal,

WILY BEGVILLE.

Ploddall, Marry-est the more joy on him,
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to :
But here comes your Daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. Father, did you send for me?

Gripe. I wench, I did: come hither *Lelia*, give me thy hand.

Master Churms, I pray you bear witness.

I here give *Lelia* to *Peter Ploddal*. *She plucks her hand.*
How now?

Nurse. Shee'le none, she thanks you sir.

Gripe. VVill she none? why how now, I say?

VVhat? you pawling peevish thing, you untoward baggage,

VVill you not be rul'd by your Father?

Have I tane care to bring you up to this?

And will you do as you list?

Away, I say, hang, starve, begge, be gone, pack I say:

Out of my sight.

Thou ne'r get st penny-worth of my goods for this:

Think ont, I do not use to jest;

Be gone I say, I will not hear thee speak.

*Exit Lelia,
and Nurse.*

Churms. I pray you sir patient your self, shee's young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggerly Schollar hankers about
her still, makes her so untoward:

But i'le home, i'le set her a hard'r task;

I'le keep her in, and look better to her then I ha done,

I'le make her have little mind of gadding, i'le warrant her.

Come Neighbour, send your Sonne to my house, for he's wel-
come thither, and shall be welcome; and ile make *Lelia* bid
him welcome too, e'r I ha done with her.

Come *Peter* follow us.

Exit all but Churms.

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better still.

This is beyond expectation;

Why, now this gear begins to work,

But besicrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelis* would have
yielded, when I saw her father take her by the hand, and call

WILY BEGVILDE.

me for a wi-nesse, my heart began to quake.

But to say the truth, she had little reason to take a Cullian
lug-loaf, milk-sop slave;

When she may have a Lawyer, a Gentleman that stands upon
his reputation in the Countrey:

One whose diminutive defect of Law, may compare with his
little learning:

Well, I see that *Churms* must be the man must carry *Lelia*
when all's done.

Enter Robin-good fellow.

Robin. How now Master *Churms*, what newes abroad?
Me thinke you looke very spruce: y'are very frolike now
alate.

Churms. What fellow *Robin*, how goes the squares with
you?

Y'are waxen very proud alate, you will not know your old
friends.

Robin. Faith I eene came to seek you, to bestow a quart of
wine of you.

Churms. That's strange: you were ne're wont to be so
liberal.

Robin. Tush man, one good turne asks another: cleare
guins man, cleare gains:

Peter Ploddal shall pay for all: I have gull'd him once,
And he come over him again and again, I warrant ye.

Churms. Faith *Lelia* has eene given him the doff off here,
and made her father almost stark mad.

Robin. O all the better, then I shall be sure of more of his
custome.

But what successe have you in your sute with her?

Churms. Faith all hitherto goes well,
I have made the motion to her,
But as yet we are grown to no conclusion:
But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But do you think you shall get her fathers good
will?

Churms. Tut, if I get the wench, I care not for that.

That

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that will come afterwa d ;
And Ile be sure of something in the mean time,
For I have outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
And Ile gather up what money I can amongst them,
And *Gripe* shall not know of it neither.

Robin. I, and of those that are scarce able to pay,
Take the one half, and forgive them the rest, rather than sit
cut at all.

Churms. Tush, let me alone for that :
But firra, I have brought the Scholar into a fools paradise :
Why, he has made me his spokesman to *Mistress Lelia*,
And Gods my Judge, I ne'r so much as name him to her.

Robin. O, byth' mass well remembred,
Ile tell you what I mean to do,
Ile attire my self fit for the same purpose,
Like some hellish Hag or damn'd Fiend,
And meet with *Sophos*, wandring in the woods :
O-I shall fray him terribly.

Churms. I would thou couldst scare him out of his wits,
Then should I ha the wench cock sure ;
I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, let's go drink together,
And then i'le go put on my divelish robes,
I mean my Christmas Calves-skin suite,
And then walk to the woods :
O'le terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos solus.

Sophos. Will heavens still smile at *Sophos* miseries,
And give no end to my uncessant mones ?
These Cypresse shades are witness of my woes,
The senselesse trees do grieve at my laments,
The leavy branches drop sweet *Myrrhas* tears,
For love did scorn me in my mothers womb,
And sullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
With all the fatal starrs conspir'd in one,
To frame a haplesse constellation.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Presaging *Sophos* lucklesse destiny.

Here, here doth *Sophos* turn *Ixions* restlesse wheele,

And here lyes wrapt in labyrinths of love,

Of his sweet *Lelias* love, whose sole *Idea* still,

Prolongs the haplesse date of *Sophos* hopelesse life :

Ah, said *I* life? a life far worse then death :

Then death? I then ten thousand deaths,

I daily die, in that *I* live loves thrall,

They die thrice happy, that once die for all,

Here will *I* stay my weary wandering steps,

And lay me down upon this solid earth,

He lies down.

The mother of despair and baleful thoughts,

I, this besitt my melancholy moodes :

Now, now methinks I hear the pretty Birds,

With warbling tunes record fair *Lelias* name,

Whose absence makes warm blood drop from my heart,

And forceth watry tears from these my weeping eyes ;

Methinks I hear the silver-sounding streams,

With gentle murmur summon me to sleep,

Singing a melodious lullaby ;

Here will *I* take a nap, and drown my haplesse hope,

In the Ocean seas of never like to speed.

He falls in a slumber, and Musick sounds.

Enter Sylvanus.

Sylvanus. Thus hath *Sylvanus* left his leavy Bowers,

Drawn by the sounds of *Ecchoes* sad reporte,

That with shrill notes and high resounding voyce,

Doth pierce the very caverns of the earth,

And rings through hills and dales the sad laments,

Of vertues losse, and *Sophos* mournful plaints.

Now *Morpheus* rouze thee from thy fable Den,

Charme all his senses with a slumbering trance,

Whil'st old *Sylvanus* send a lovely trayne

Of Satyres, *Driades*. and watry Nymphes,

Out of their Bowers to tune their silver-strings,

And

WILY BEGVILDE.

And with sweet sounding Musick sing
Some pleasing Madrigales and Roundelayes,
To comfort Sopbos in his deep distress. *Exit Silvanus.*

Enter the Nymphs and Satyres Singing.

THE SONG.

I.

Satyres sing, let sorrows keep her Cell,
Let warbling Eschoes ring,
And sounding Musick yell,
Through hills, through dales, sad grief and care to kill,
In him long since, alas, hath griev'd his fill.

2.

Sleep no more, but wake and live content,
Thy grief the Nymphs deplore :
The Sylvan Gods lament
To hear, to see thy moan, thy losse thy love ;
Thy plaints to tears, the flinty Rocks do move.

3.

Grive not then, the Queen of love is mild,
She sweetly smiles on men,
When Reason's must beguil'd ;
Her looks, her smiles, are kind, are sweet and fair,
Awake therefore, and sleep no more in care.

4.

Love intends to free thee from annoy,
His Nymph Silvanus sends,
To bid thee live in joy,
In hope, in joy, sweet love delights imbrace,
Fair love her self, will yield thee so much grace.

Exeunt the Nymphs and Satyres.

Sopbos

WILY BEGVILDE.

Sopho. What do I do hear? what harmony is this,
VVith silver-sound that gluttred *Sophos* ears,
And drives sad passions from his heavy heart,
Presaging some good future hap shall fall,
After these blustering blasts of discontent?
Thanks gentle Nymphs, and Satyres too adieu,
That thus compassionate a Loyal Lovers woe,
VVhen heaven sits smiling at his dire mishaps

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. VVith weary steps I trace these desert groves,
And search to find out *Sophos* secret walks,
My truest vowed friend, and *Lelias* dearest Love.

Sop. VVhat voice is this sounds *Lelias* sacred name? *riseth.*
Is it some Satyre that hath viewed her late,
And's grown enamour'd of her gorgeous hiew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre, *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend:
VVhose dearest blood do rest at thy command,
Hath sorrow lately beard thy watry eyes,
That thou forgettest the lasting league of Love,
Long time was vowed betwixt thy self and me?
Look on me man; I am thy frind.

Sophos. O, now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:
I have no friend to whom I dare
Unload the burthen of my grief,
But one *Fortunatus*, he's my second self,
My *Fortunatus*, fortunate venter.

Fort. How fares my friend? methinks you look not well:
Your eyes are sunck, your cheeks look pale and wan,
VVhat means this alteration?

Sophos. My mind, sweet friend, is like a restless ship,
That's hurl'd and tost upon the surging seas,
By *Boreas* bitter blasts and *Eols* whistling winds,
On rocks and sands, farre from the wished port
VVhereon my silly ship desires to land,
Fair *Lelias* love, that is my wished haven,
VVherein my wandring thoughts would take repose,
For want of which, my restless thoughts are tost:

WILY BEGVILDE.

For want of which all *Sophos* joies are lost,

Fortu. Doth *Sophos* love my sister *Lelia*?

Sophos. She, she it is, whose love I wish to gain:

Nor need I wish, nor do I love in vain,

My love she doth repaie with equal meed:

'Tis strange you'l say that *Sophos* should not speed.

Fortunatus. Your love repaid with equal meed:

And yet you languish still in love? tis strange:

From whence proceeds your grief? unfold unto your friend,

A friend may yield relief.

Sophos. My want of wealth is author of my griefe,

Your father saies my state is too too low:

I am no Hobby-bred, I may not soare so high, as *Lelias* love,

The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.

When I with *Icarus* would soare against the Sunne,

He is the only fiery *Phaeton* denies my course,

And seares my waxen wings, when as I soare aloft:

He mewes fair *Lelia* up from *Sophos* sight,

That not so much as paper pleads remorse:

Thrice three times *Sol* hath slept in *Thetis* lap,

Since these mine eyes beheld sweet *Lelias* face.

What greater grief? what other hell then this,

To be denied to come where my beloved is?

Fortu. Do you alone love *Lelia*?

Have you no rivals with you in your love?

Sophos. Yes onlie one, and him your father backs,

'Tis *Peter Ploddal*, rich *Ploddals* sonne and heir,

One whose base rustick rude desert

Unworthy farre to win so fair a prize:

Yet means your father for to make a match

For Golden Lucre, with this *Coridon*,

And scornes at vertues loie: hence grows my grief.

Fortu. If it be true, I hear there is one *Churms* beside,

Makes suite to win my sister to his bride.

Sophos. That cannot be, *Churms* is my vowed friend,

Whose tongue relates the renour of my love

To *Lelias* ears, I have no other means.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Fortu. Well, trust him not ; the Tyger hides his Claws
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles,
But stay, here comes *Lelias* Nurse.

Enter Nurse.

Sophos. Nurse, what news?
How fares my Love?

Nurse. How fares she, quotha? Marry she may fare how
she will for you, neither come to her, nor send to her of a
whole fortnight :

Now I sweare to you by my Maiden-head, if my Husband
should have serv'd me so, when he came a wooing to me, I
would never have lookt on him with a good face, as long as
I had lived.

But he was as kind a wretch as ever laid lips of a woman, he
would a come thorow the windows, or doors, or walls, or
any thing, but he would have come to me.

Marry after we had been married a while, his kindness began
to slack, for i'll tell you what he did :

He made me believe he would go to Green-goose fair,
and i'll be Sworne, he took his leggs and ranne clean a-
way :

And I am afraid you'll prove even such another kind piece
to my Mistresse : for shee sits at home in a corner weeping
for you ; and i'll be sworn, shee's ready to dye upward for
you.

And her father oth' other side, he yoles at her, and joles at her,
and she leads such a life for you, it passes, and you'l neither
come to her, nor send to her :

Why, she thinks you have forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heavens in sorrow end my dayes,
And fatal fortune never cease to frown ;
And heaven and earth, and all conspire to pull me down,
If black oblivion seize upon my heart,
Once to estrange my thoughts from *Lelias* love.

Fortunatus. Why Nurse, I am sure that *Lelia* hears from
Sophos once a day at least, by *Churms* the Lawyer,
Who is his only friend.

Nurse.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Nurse. What, young Master : God bless mine eye-sight,
Now by my Maiden-head y'are welcome home,
I am sure my Mistress will be glad to see you.
But what say you of Master *Churms* ?

Fortu. Marry, I say he is a wel-willer to my sister *Lelia*,
And a secret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurse. Marry the Devil he is : trust him, and hang him :
why, he cannot speake a good word on him to my old Ma-
ster; and he does so rife before my Mistress with his Barbarian
eloquence, and strut before her in a pair of Polonian legges,
as he were a Gentleman Usher to the great Turk, or to the
Devil of *Dowgate*.

And if my Mistress would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might goe
snick-up : but he has such a butter-milk face, that shee'l ne-
ver have him.

Sophos. Can falshood lurk in those inticing looks ?
And deep dissemblance lye, where truth appears ?

Fortu. Injurious villany, to betray his friend !

Nurse. Sir, do you know the gentleman ?

Fortu. Faith not well.

Nurse. Why sir, he looks like a Red Herring at a Noble-
mans table on Easter day, and he speaks nothing but Almond
butter, and Sugar-candy.

Fortu. That's excellent.

Sophos. This world's the Chaos of confusion :
No world at all but masse of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a Map, may see,
The high road-way from woe to misery.

Fortu. Content your self, and leave these passions,
Now do I sound the depth of all their drifts,
The Devils device, and *Churms* his knavery,
On whom his heart vowed to be reveng'd,
I'll scatter them : the plot's already in my head.

Nurse. Hie thee home, and commend me to my sister,
Bid her this night send for Master *Churms*,
To him she must recount her many griefs,
Exclaime against her Fathers hard constraint,

WILY BEGVILDE.

And so cunninglie temporize with this cunning Catso,
That he may think she Love him as her life:
Bid her tell him, if that by any means
He can convey her forth her fathers gate,
Vnto a secret friend of hers;
The way to whom lies by the forrest side,
That none but he shall have her to his bride.
For her departure let her point the time,
Tomorrow night when *Vesper* gins to shine,
Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,
Accompanied with her Gentleman-usher,
Whose amorous thoughts do dream on nought but love,
And if this Bastinado hold,
I'll make him leave his wench with *Sophos* for a pawn;
Let me alone to use him in his kind,
This is the trap which for him I have laid,
Thus craft by cunning once shall be betray'd;
And for the Devil, I'll conjure him:
Good *Nurse* be gone, bid her not fail,
And for a token bear to her this Ring,
Which well she knows, for when I saw her last,
It was her favour and she gave it me.

Sophos. And bear her this from me,
And with this Ring, bid her receive my heart:
My heart? alas my heart I cannot give,
How should I give her that which is her own?

Nurse. And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
And so change is not robbérie.

Well I'll give her your tokens, and tell her what ye say.

Fortunatus. Doe good *Nurse*: but in any case let not my
Father know that I am here, until we have effected all our
purposes.

Nurse. I'll warrant you, I will not play with you.
As Master *Churms* do with *Sophos*:

I would ha my ears cut from my head first.

Exit Nurse.

Fortu. Come *Sophos* cheer up your self, man,
Let hope expel these melancholic dumps,

Meane.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Meane while, lets in,
Expecting how the events of this device will fall:
Vntil to morrow at th' appointed time,
When weele expect the comming of your Love.
VVhat man, i'le work it through the fire,
But you shall have her.

Sophos. And I will studie to deserve this love,

Exeunt.

Enter William Cricket solus.

Will. Look on me, and of Master *Churms* :
A good proper man :
Marry Master *Churms* has something a better pair of
Legges indeed :
But for a sweet Face, a fine Beard, comely corps,
And a carowling Codpiece,
All *England* if it can
shew me such a man,
To win a wench by gis,
To clip, to coll, to kisse,
As *William Cricket* is,
Why look you now, if I had bin such a great long, large,
Lobcock, Loseld Lurden, as Master *Churms* is,
Ile warrant you, I should never have got *Pegge* as long as I
had lived : for (doe you mark) a Wench will never love a
man that has all his substance in his Legges,
But stay, here comes my Land-lord,
I must go and salute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Robin-good-*
fellow ? He's the man must do the fact,

Peters. Faith Father, I see him not this two daies ; but i'le
seek him out ; for I know he'le doe the deed, and she were
twenty *Lelias*.

For Father, he's a very cunning man : for, give him but ten
groates, and he'le give me a powder, that will make *Lelia*
come to bed to me.

And

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And when I have her there, Ile use her well enough.

Ploddall, will he so? Marry I will give him forty shillings if I can do it.

Peter, Nay, he'll doe more then that too,
For he'll make himself like a Devel, and fray the Scholler
that hankers about her, out on's wits.

Ploddall, Marry, Jesus blesse us : will he so :
Marry thou shalt have vorty shillings to give him, and thy
mother shall bestow a hard cheese on him beside.

Will, Land-lord a pox on you, this good morne.

Ploddall, How now foole, dost curse me :

Will, How now foole, how now Catterpiller ?
It's a signe of death, when such vermine creepe hedges so
early in the morning.

Peter, Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you
speake.

Will, Indeed *Peter*, I must confesse I want some of your
wooing manners, or else I might have turn'd my fair bush
taylor to you instead of your father : and have given you the
ill salutation this morning.

Ploddall, Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well
ynough.

Sarra, I heare say you must be marryed shortly,
Ile make you pay a sweet fine for your house, for this.
Ha, sirra, am not I your Land-lord;

Will, Yes for fault of a better, but you get neither sweet fine
nor sower fine of me.

Ploddall, My Masters, I pray you bare witnesse :
I doe discharge him then,

Will, My Masters, I pray you bare witnesse :
My Land-lord has given me a generall discharge.
Ile be married presently, my fine's payd : I have a discharge
for it.

He offers to go away

Ploddall, Nay prethee stay.

Will, No, Ile not stay, Ile goe call the Clarke,
Ile be cryed out upon ith' Church presently,
what ho, What Clarke I say, where are you, *Enter Clarke.*
Clarke

WILY BEGVILLE.

Clarke. Who calls me, what would you have with me.

Will. Marry sir, I would have you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, 'oth' Town, or 'oth' Country, can lay any charge to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring word to the cryer, or else *William Cricket* will wipe his nose of her.

Clarke. You mean you would be ask i'th Church?

Will. I that's it: a bots on't, I cannot hit of these marry-ing terms yet.

And Ile desire my Landlord here and his sonne, to be at the celebration of my marriage too:

Yfaith *Peter*, you shall cramme your guts full of Cheescakes and Custards there.

And firra *Clarke*, if thou wilt say Amen stoutly:

Yfaith my powder Beef have,

I'le have a rump of Beef for thee, shall make thy mouth stand oth tother side.

Clarke. When would you have it done?

Will. Marry eene as soon as it may be; let me see,

I will be askt i'th Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at evening prayer: and the next Holiday that comes I will be arkt i'th forenoone, and married i'th afternoone: For (doe you mark?) I am none of these sneaking fellows that will stand thrumming of Caps, and studying upon a matter as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to shew his little wit, in the second part of his paultry poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, i'le end with Wedding.

And therefore good *Clark*, let me have it done with all speed for I promise you, I am very sharp set.

Clarke. Faith you may be askt i'th Church on Sunday at Morning prayer, but Sir *John* cannot tend to doe it at Evening prayer: for there comes a companie of Players to'th Town on Sundaie ith afternoon: and Sir *John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'le scarce leave their companie to say Evening prayer.

For (though I say it) he's a verie painful man, and takes so great delight in that facultie, that he'le take as great pains about

WILLY BEGVILDE.

about building of a Stage, or so, as the basest fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he have so lawful an excuse, I am content to deferre it one day the longer :

And Land-lord, I hope you and your son *Peter* will make bold with us, and trouble us.

Ploddal. Nay *William*, we would be loath to trouble you : but you shall have our company there.

Will. Faith you shall be heartily welcome, and we will have good merry Rogues there, that will make you laugh till you burst.

Pe er. VVhy, *William*, what company doe you meane to have ?

Will. Marry, first and formost, there will be an honest Dutch Cobler, that will sing (*I will no meare to Bargin go*) the best that ever you did hear:

Ploddal. VVhat must a Cobler be your chief guest ?
VVhy he's a base fellow.

Will. A base fellow ? you may be ashamed to say so ;
For he's a honest fellow, and a good fellow.
And he begins to carry the very badge of all good fellowship upon his nose ; that I doe not doubt but in time, he will prove as good a cuppe-companion as *Robin-good-fellow* himself :

I, and he's a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,
For Ile tell you what, tye him to'th Bul-ring, and for a Bag-pudding, a Custard, a Cheese-cake, a Hogs Creeke, or a Calves head, turn any man i'th town to him, and if he do not prove himself as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turn his body into a Barrel of strong Ale, and let his Nose be the Spiggat, his mouth the Foffet, and his Tongue a Plugge for the bung-hole.

And then there will be *Robin-good-fellow*, as good a drunken Rogue as lives : and *Tom Shoemaker*, and I hope you will not deny that he's an honest man, for he was Constable o'th Town.

And a number of other honest Rascals, which though they
are

WILY BEGVILDE.

are grown bankrouts, and live at the reversion of other mens tables.

Yet (thanks be to God) they have a penny amongst them at all times for their need.

Ploddal. Nay, if *Robin-good-fellow* be there you shal be sure to have our company :

For he's one that we hear very well of,
And my sonne here has some occasion to use him :
And therefore if we may know when 'tis,
We'll make bold to trouble you.

Will. Yes, I'll send you word.

Ploddal. VVhy then farwel, til we hear from you.

Exeunt Ploddal and his sonne.

Will. VVell *Clarke*, you'l see this matter bravely performed : let it be done as it should be.

Clarke. I'll warrant ye, fear not.

Will. VVhy then go you to *Sir John*, and Ile to my wench, and bid her give her *Maydenhead* warning to prepare it self : for the destruction of it is at hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia sola.

Lelia. How Love and Fortune both, with eager mood,
Like greedy Hounds, do hunt my tyred heart,
Rowz'd forth the thickets of my wonted joyes :
And *Cupid* winds his shrill not Bugle horn,
For joy my silly heart so near is spent :
Desire, that eager Curre pursues the chase,
And fortune rides amain unto the fall :
Now sorrow sings, and mourning bears a part,
I laying harsh descant on my yielding heart.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. VVhat news ?

Nurse. Faith, a whole Sack full of news :
You love *Sophos*, and *Sophos* loves you ;
And *Peter Ploddal* loves you, and you love not him ;
And you love not Master *Churms*, and he loves you,

WILY BEGVILDE.

So he's love and no love,
And I love, and I love not,
And I cannot tell what:

But of all, and of all, Master *Churms* must be the man you
must love.

Lelia. Nay, first i'll mount me on the winged wind,
And flee for succour to the farthest *Ind*.

Must I love Master *Churms*?

Nurse. Faith you must, and you must not.

Lelia. As how, I pray thee?

Nurse. Marry I have commendations to you,

Lelia. From whom?

Nurse. From your brother *Fortunatus*.

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus*?

Nurse. No, from *Sophos*.

Lelia. From my Love?

Nurse. No, from neither.

Lelia. From neither?

Nurse. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prethee leave thy foolery, and let me know thy
news.

Nurse. Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your Love, to mor-
row night will meet you by the Forrest side,
There to conferre about I know not what:
But 'tis like that *Sophos* will make you of his privy counsell
before you come again.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the wars?

Nurse. He is with *Sophos* every day,
But in any case you must not let your father know,
For he hath sworn he will not be descry'd,
Until he hath affected your desires,
For he swaggers, and swears out of all cry,
That he will venture all,
Both fame and blood, and limme and life,
But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas, *Nurse*, My fathers jealous brain,
Doth scarce allow me once a moneth to go,

Beyond

WILY BEGVILDE.

Beyond the compasse of his watchful eyes,
Nor once afford me any conference
With any man, except with Master *Churms*,
Whose crafty brain beguiles my father so,
That he reposeth truth in none but him :
And though he seeks for favour at my hand,
He takes his mark amiss and shoots awry :
For I had rather see the Devil himself,
Then *Churms* the Lawyer :
Therefore how I should meet him by the Forrest side,
I cannot possibly devise.

Nurse. And Master *Churms* must be the man must work the means.

You must this night send for him :
Make him believe you love him mightily,
Tell him you have a secret friend dwells far away beyond
the Forrest :

To whom, if he can secretly convey you from your father,
Tell him you will love him better then ever God loved him :
And when you come to the place appointed,
Let them alone to discharge the knave of Clubs :

And that you must not fail,
Here receive this Ring which *Fortunatus* sent you for a
token :

This is the plot that you must prosecute,
And this from *Sophos* as his true loves pledge.

Lelia. This Ring my brother sent, I know right well,
But this, my true Loves pldge, I more esteeme
Then all the Golden mines the soyled earth contains :
And see in happy time here comes Master *Churms*. Enter *Ch*.
Now Love and Fortune, both conspire,
And sort their drifts to compasse my desires.
Master *Churms*, y'are well met ; I am glad to see you,

Churms. And I as glad to see fair *Lelia*,
As ever *Pearis* was to see his dear ;
For whom so many Trojans blood was spilt ;
Nor think, I would do lesse then spend my dearest blood,

WILY BEGVILDE.

To gain fair *Lelias* love, although by losse of life.

Nurse. Faith Mistrresse, he speaks like a Gentleman :

Let me perswade you,

Be not hard-harted,

Sophos ? Why, why what's he ?

If he had lov'd you but halfe so well, he would ha come through st newalles but he would have come to you ere this.

Lelia. I must confesse I once lov'd *Sophos* wel,
But now I cannot Love him, whom all the world knows to be a dissembler.

Churms. Ere I would wrong my Love with one daies absence,

I would passe the boyling *Hellespont*,

As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* love :

Or undertake a greater task then that,

Ere I would be disloyal to my Love ;

And if that *Lelia* give her free consent,

That both our loves may sympathize in one,

My hand, my heart, my love, my life and all,

Shal ever tend on *Lelias* fair command.

Lelia. Master *Churms*, me thinks 'tis strange, you should make such a motion :

Say I should yield, and grant her love,

When most you should expect a sun-shine day,

My Fathers wil would marre your hop't for hay :

And when you thought to reap the fruits of loves ;

His hard constraint would blast it in the bloom ;

For he so dotes on *Peter Ploddals* pelfe,

That none but he forsooth must be the man :

And I will rather match my self

Unto a groom of *Plutoes* grislie denne,

Then unto such a silly Golden Ass.

Churms. Bravely resolved yfaith,

Lelia But to be short :

I have a secret friend that dwels from hence,

Some two daies journey, that's the most,

And

WILY BEGVILLE.

And if you can, (as well I know you may,) convey me thither secretly :

For company I desire no other than your own ;

Here take my hand ;

That once perform'd my heart is next.

Churms. If on th' adventure all the danger lay,

That Europe or the western world affords,

VVere it to combat Cerberus himself,

Or scale the brazen wall of *Plutoes* Court ;

VVhen as there is so fair a Prize propos'd,

If I shrink back, or leave it unperform'd,

Let the world Cannonize me for a Coward :

Appoint the time, and leave the rest to me.

Lelia. When nights black mantle over-spread the skie,

And dayes bright Lampe is drenched in the VVest,

To morrow night I think the fittest time,

That silent shade may give our safe convey,

Unto our wished hopes, unseen of living eye.

Churms. And at that time I will not fail,

In that, or ought that may availe.

Nurse. But what if *Sophos* should meet you in the Forrest side,

And incounter you with his single Rapier ?

Churms. *Sophos* ? a hop of my thumb, a wretch, a wretch :

Should *Sophos* meet us there accompanied with some Champion,

With whom 'twere any credit to encounter,

Were he as stout as *Hercules* himself,

Then would I buckle with him hand to hand,

And bandy blows as thick as hailestones fall,

And carry *Lelia* away in spight of all their force.

What ? Love will make Cowards fight :

Much more a man of my resolution.

Lelia. And on your resolution i'll depend, until to morrow at th' appointed, when i'll look for you ;

Till when, i'll leave you and go make preparation for our journey.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.

Churms.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Churms. Farwel fair Love until we meet again.
Why so, did not I tell you she would be glad to runne away
with me at length?
Why this falls out; eene as a man would say, thus I would
have it.
But now I must cast about for money too:
Let me see; I have outlaw'd three or four of *Gripes* debtors,
And I have the Bonds in mine own hands:
The summe that is due to him, is some two or three hundred
pounds.
Well, I'll to them, if I can but get one half,
I'll deliver them their bonds, and leaue the other half to their
own consciences, and so I shall be sure to get money to bear
my charges:
When all failes, well fare a good wit.
But soft, no more of that:
Here comes Master *Gripe*.

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. What Master *Churms*? what all alone? how fares
your body?

Churms. Faith sir, reasonable well: I am eene walking here
to take the fresh ayre.

Gripe. 'Tis very holosome this fair weather:
But Master *Churms* how like you my daughter?
Can you do any good on her? will she be rul'd yet?
How stands she affected to *Peter Ploddal*?

Churms. O very well sir: I have made her very confor-
mable.

O let me alone to perswade a woman:
I hope you shall see her married within this week at most,
I mean to my self. *He speaks to himself.*

Gripe. Master *Churms*, I am so exceedingly beholding to
you,
I cannot tell how I shall requite your kindness,
But i'th mean time here's a brace of Angels for you to drink
for your pains.

This

WILY BEGVILDE.

This newes hath eene lightned my heart,
O fir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy.
Come Master *Ghurms*, you shall go home with me,
We'll have good cheer and be merry for this to night yfaith,
Churms, vVell let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and her Grannam.

Pegge. Grannam, give me but two Crowns of red Gold,
And I'll give you two pence of white silver,
If Robin the Devil be not a water-witch.

Mother Mid. Marry, Jesus bleſs us, why prethee?

Pegge. Marry, I'll tell you why:
Vpon the morrow after the blessed New-year,
I came trip, trip, trip, over the market hill,
Holding up my Petticoat to the calves of my leggs,
To shew my fine coulered stockings,
And how finely I could foot it in a pair of new cork't shoes
I had bought:

And there I espyed this *Mounsirs Muffe*, lye gaping up into
the skies.

To know how many *Mades* would be with Child in the
town all the year after.

O'tis a base vexation slave,
How the Country talkes of the large-rib'd varlet.

Mother Mid. Marry out upon him: what a Friday-fac'd
slave it is:

I think in my conscience, his face never keeps holiday.

Pegge. Why, his face can never be at quiet,
He has such a cholerick Nose,
I durst ha sworn by my maiden-head,
(God forgive me that I should take such an oath)
That if *William* had had such a nose, I should never ha loved
him.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. VVhat rattling is here of Noses?

Come *Pegge* we are toward marriage, let us talk of that may
do us good; Grannam, what will you give us towards house-
keeping?

Mother

WILY BEGVILDE.

Mother M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Robin-good-Fellow*; what think you of him?

Will. Marry I say, he looks like a Tankard-bearer,
That dwels in Petticoat lane, at the ygn of the Mearemaid :
And I swear by the blood of my Codpiece,
And I were a woman, I would lugge off his love ears,
Or run him to death with a spit : and for his face,
I think 'tis pity there is not a Law made,
That it should be felony to name it in any other places
Than in bawdy-houses :

But *Grannam* what will you give us?

Mother M. Marry I will give *Pegge* a Pot and a Pan,
Two Platters, a Dish and a Spoon, a Dog and a Cat : I trow
shee'le prove a good Huswife,
And love her husband well too.

Will. If she love me, i'le love her : yfaith my sweet hony
combe, i'le love thee, *Aper se A.*
We must be ask't in Church next Sunday, and weele be mar-
ried presently.

Pegge. Yfaith *William* weele have a merry day on't.

Mother Mid. That we will yfaith *Pegge* : weel have a whole
noyse of Fiddlers there ;
Come *Pegge*, let's hye us home, weele make a Bag-pudding to
supper,
And *William* shall go and sup with us.

Will. Come on yfaith.

Exeunt.

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

(love ?

Fort. Why how now *Sophos* all a mort? Still languishing in
Will not the presence of thy friend prevail?
Nor hope expel these fullen fits?
Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile
From those sad drooping looks of thine?
Rely on hope, whose hap will lead thee right
To her, whom thou dost call thy hearts delight :
Look cheerly man, the time is neer at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a snow-white Coach,
Shall tend on *Sophos* and his lovely Bride.

Sophos,

WILY BEGVILDE.

Sophos. Tis impossible, her Father, her Father,
He's all for *Peter Ploddall*.

Fortunatus. Shou'd I but see that *Ploddal* offer love :
This sword should pierce the peasants breast,
And chase his soul from of his accursed corps,
By an unwonted way, unto the grisly lake,
But now the appointed time is near,
Tha: *Churms* should come, with his supposed Love :
Then sit we down under these leavy shades. *They sit down,*
And wait the time of *Lelias* wisht approach.

Sophos. I, here i'll wait for *Lelias* wisht approach,
More wisht to me, then is a calme at Seas
To shipwracke souls, when great God *Neptune* frowns.
Though sad despair hath almost drown'd my hopes :
Yet would I passe the burning vault of *Orke*,
As erst did *Hercules* to fetch his Love,
If I might meet my love upon the strand,
And but injoy her love one minuite of an hour. *Enter Robin.*
But stay, what man, or devil, or hellish fiend, comes here,
Transformed in this ugly unquoth shape :

Fortu. O, Peace a while, you shall see good sport anon.

Robin. Now I am cloathed in this hellish shape ;
If I could meet with *Sophos* in these woods,
O, he would take me for the Devil himself,
I should ha good laughing, beside the forty shillings *Peter Ploddall* has given me : and if I get no more, I am sure of that,
But soft : now I must try my cunning, for here he sits.

The high Commander of the damned souls,
Great *Dis*, the Duke of Devils, and Prince of *Limbo lake*,
High Regent of *Acharon*, *Styx*, and *Phlegeton*,
By strict command from *Pluto* Hells great Monarch,
And fair *Proserpina* the Queen of Hell,
By sul consent of all the damned Hagges,
And all the fiends that keep the *Stygian* plains,
Hath sent me here from depth of under ground,
To summon thee to appear at *Plutoes* Court.

Fortunatus. A man, or devil, or what so're thou art,

WILY BEGVILDE.

I'll try if blows will drive thee down to Hell,

Belike thou art the Devils Parrator,

The basest Officer hat lives in Hel,

For such thy words imports thee for to be :

'Tis pity you should come so farre without a fee :

And because I know money goes low with *Sophos*,

I'll pay you your fees :

He beats him.

Take that, and that, and that, upon thee.

Robin. O, good sir, I beseech you, i'll do any thing.

Fortunatus. Then downe to hel for sure thou art a Devil.

Robin. O, hold your hand, I am not a Devil by my troth.

Fortunatus. Sounds dost thou crosse me ? I say thou art a Devil.

Beats him again.

Robin. O Lord sir, save my Life, and i'll say as you say.
Or any thing else you'll ha me doe.

Fortu. Then stand up, and make a preachment of thy pedigree, and how at the first thou leard'st this devilish trade :
Up I say.

Beats him.

Robin. O I wil sir.

Stands upon a stool.

Although in some places I bear the title of a scurvy Gentleman :

By birth, I am a Boatwrights sonne of Hull,

My father got me of a refus'd Hagge,

Under the old ruines of *Boobies* barn ;

Who as she liv'd, at length she likewise dy'd,

And for her good deeds went unto the Devil :

But Hel, not wont to harbour such a guest,

Her fellow Fiends do daily make complaint,

Unto grim *Pluto*, and his Lady Queen,

Of her unruly mis-behaviour :

Intreating that a Passport might be drawn

For her to wander til the day of Doom

On earth again, to vex the minds of men,

And swore she was the fittest Fiend in Hel,

To drive men to desperation.

WILY BEGVILDE.

To this intent, her Passport then was drawn,
And in a whistle-wind forth of hel she came;
Ore hills she hurls, and scowres along the plaines;
The trees flew up by th' roots, the earth did quake for fear,
The houses tumble down, she playes the Devil and all;
At length not finding any one so fit
To effect her devilish charge as I,
She comes to me, as to her only child,
And me her instrument in earth she made,
And by that means, I learn'd her devilish trade,

Sophos. O monstrous villaine!

Fortu. But tel me what's thy course of life?
And how thou shistest for maintenance in the world?

Robin. Faith sir, I am in a manner a Promoter,
Or more fitly tearm'd a Promoting Knave,
I creep into the presence of great men,
And under colour of their friendships,
Effect such wonders in the world,
That Babes wil curse me that are yet unborn,
Of the best men, I raise a common fame,
And honest women, rob of their good name,
Thus daily tumbling in comes all my drift:
That I get best, is got but by a shift;
But the chief course of all my Life,
Is to set discord betwixt man and wife.

Fortu. Out upon thee Canibal. *He beats him.*
Dost thou think thou shalt ever come to heaven?

Robin. I have little hope for haeven, or heavenly blisse:
But if in hel doth any place remain,
Of more esteem then is another room,
I hope as a guerdon for my just desert,
To have it for my detestable acts.

Fortu. Wert not thy tongue condemns thy guilty soul,
I could not think that on this living earth,
Did breath a villaine more audacious,
Go, get thee gone, and come not in my walk;
For if thou dost, thou comest unto thy woe, *Beats him.*

WILY BEGVILDE.

Rob. The Devil himself was never conjur'd so. *Exit Rob.*

Sophos. Sure he's no man, but an incarnate Devil,
Whose ugly shape betrayses his monstrous mind.

Fortu. And if he be a Devil, I am sure he's gone:
But *Churms* the Lawyer will be here anon,
And with him comes my sister *Lelia*:
'Tis he I am sure you look for.

Sophos. Nay she it is that I expect so long.

Fortu. Then sit we down until we hear more news,
This but a prologue to our play ensue. *They sit down.*

Enter Churms, and Lelia.

But see where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along,
He walks as stately as the great Baboon.
Sounds, he looks as though his Mother was a Midwife.

Sophos. Now gentle *Jove*, great Monark of the world,
Grand good successe unto my wondring hopes.

Churms. No *Phæbus* silver-eye is drencht in western deep,
And *Luna* gins to shew her splendent rays,
And all the harmlesse Quiresters of woods,
Do take repose, save only *Philomell*,
Whose heavy tunes do evermore record
With mournful layes the losses of her love.
Thus farre fair Love, we passe in secret sort,
Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds,
Where he on down-soft bed securely sleeps,
And not so much as dream of our depart,
The danger past, now think of nought but love,
Be thy dear, be thou my hearts delight.

Sophos. Nay first, ile send thy soul to coal-black night.

Churms. Thou promis'dst love, now seal it with a kisse.

Fortu. Nay, soft sit, your mark's at the fairest,
For swear her love, and seal it with a kisse,
Vpon the burnisht splendor of this blade,
Or it shall rip the intrals of thy peasant heart.

Sophos. Nay, let me do it, that's my part.

Churms. You wrong me much to rob me of my Love.

Sophos. Avaunt base bragard, *Lelia* mine,

Churms.

WILLY BEGVILDE.

Churms. She lately promis'd love to me.

Fortu. Peace, Night-raven, peace, i'le end this contro-
versie.

Come *Lelia* stand between them both,

As equal Judge to end the strife:

Say which of these shal have thee to his wife:

I can devise no better way then this:

Now chuse thy Love, and greet him with a kisse.

Lelia. My choice is made, and here it is. *She kisses Sophos.*

Sophos. See here the mirrour of true constancy,
Whose stedfast love deserve a Princes worth,

Lelia. Master *Churms* are you not well?

I must confesse I wou'd have chosen you,

But that I ne'r beheld your leggs till now:

Trust me, I never lookt so low before.

Churms. I know you use to look aloft.

Lelia. Yet not so high as your Crown,

Churms. What if you had?

Lelia. Faith I should have spied a Calves head.

Churms. Sounds, coozend of the wench, and scoft too?

'Tis intolerable, and shal I lose her thus?

How't mads me, that I brought not my sword and buckler
with me!

Fortu. What, are you in your sword and buckler termes?
I'le put you out of that humour:

There, *Lelia* sends you that by me, *Beates him.*

And that to recompence your loves desire:

And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.

Go, get thee gone, and boast of *Lelias* Love:

Churms. VWhere ere I go, i'le leave with her my curse,
And raile on you with speches vild.

Fortu. A crafty Knave was never so beguil'd,

Now *Sophos* hopes have had their lucky haps,

And he enjoys the presence of his Love,

My vows perform'd, and I am full reveng'd

Upon this hel-bred brace of cursed imps:

Now rests nought but my fathers free consent,

WILY BEGVILDE.

To knit the knot that time can ne'r untwist,
And that, as this, I likewise wil perform:
No sooner shal *Aureas* pearled dew
Ore-spred the mantled earth with silver drops,
And *Phæbus* blesse the Orient with a blush,
To chase black night to his deformed Cell:
But i'le repair unto my fathers house,
And never cease with my inticing words,
To work his wil to knit this Gordian knot:
'Til when, i'le leave you to your amorous chat:
Dear friend, adieu, fair sister too farewell,
Betake your selves unto some secret place,
Until you hear from me how things fall out.

Exit Fortu.

Sophos. We both do wish a fortunate good night.

Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy steps aright.

Sophos. Now come fair *Lelia*, let's betake our selves
Unto a little Hermitage here by:
And there to live obscured from the world,
Til Fates and Fortunes cal us thence awa y,
To see the sun-shine of our Nuptial day.
See how the twinkling starrs do hide their borrowed shine,
As half asham'd their lustre is so stain'd
By *Lelias* beauteous eyes, that shine more bright
Than twinkling stars do in a Winters night:
In such a night did *Paris* win his Love.

Lelia. In such a night *Æneas* prov'd unkind.

Sophos. In such a night, did *Troylus* court his dear.

Lelia. In such a night, fair *Philis* was betray'd.

Sophos. Ple prove as true as ever *Troylus* was.

Lelia. And I as constant as *Penelope*.

Sophos. Than let us solace, and in loves delight;
And sweet imbracings spend the live-long night:
And whilst love mounts her, on her wanton wings,
Let *Descant* run on Musicks silver strings.

Excunt.

A Song.

WILY BEGVILLE.

A SONG.

1.

Old Tithon must forsake his dear,
The Lark do chant her cheerful lay :
Aurora smiles with merry cheer,
To welcome in a happy day.

2.

The Beasts do skippe,
The sweet birds sing :
The Wood Nymphs dance,
The Ecchoes ring.

3.

The hollow Cave with joy resounds,
And pleasure every where abounds :
The graces linking hand in hand,
In love have knit a glorious band.

*Enter Robin-good-fellow, and Old Ploddall,
and his Sonne Peter.*

Ploddall. Heare you Master Good-fellow, how have you sped ?

Peter. Ha you play'd the Devil bravely, and scar'd the Scholler out on's wits.

Robin. A pox of the Schollar.

Ploddall. Nay, harke you, I sent you vorty shillings, and you shal have the Cheese I promis'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vorty shillings and the cheese too.

Peter. Hear you, will you give me the powder you told me of ?

Robin. How you vex me ! powder quoth a ?
Sounds, I ha been powder'd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will prove a crafty knave, and coczen us of our money :

Well

WILY BEGVILLE.

Wee'le go to Master Justice an' complaine on him, and get him whipt out o' th Country for a Connicatcher.

Peter. I, or have his ears nay'd to the Pillory:
Come let's go. *Exeunt Ploddal and his sonne.*

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow Robin, what news, how goes the world?

Robin. Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how:
How speed you with your Wench?

Churms. I would the wench were at the Devil:
A plague upon't, I never say my prayers,
And that makes my have such ill luck.

Robin. I think the Schollar be-hanted me with some demy Devil.

Churms. Why, didst thou say him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengeance on't, all our shifting knavery's known.

We are counted very vagrants,
Sounds, I am affraid of every Officer for whipping.

Churms. We are horribly hanted, our behaviour is so braastly, that we are grown lothsome; our craft get us nought but knocks.

Robin. What course shal we take now?

Churms. Faith, I cannot tel, let's eene run our Country,
For here's no staying for us.

Robin. Faith agreed, let's go into some place where we are not known, and there set up the art of knavery with the second edition.

Exeunt.

Enter Gripe solus.

Gripe. Every one tels me I look better then I was wont,
My heart's lightned, my spirits are revived:

Why, me hinks I am young again;

It joyes my heart, that this same peevish girl: my Daughter
will be rul'd at the last yet:

But I shal ne'r be able to make Master *Churms* amends for the
great pains he hath taken,

Enter

WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Master, now out upon's, welladay, we are all undone.

Gripe. Undone ! what sodain accident hath chanced ?
Speak, what's the matter ?

Nurse. Alas, that ever I was born !
My Mistres and M. *Churms* are run away together.

Gripe. Tis not possible : ne'r tell me, I dare trust Master *Churms* with a greater matter then that.

Nurse. Faith you must trust him whether you will or no,
For he's gone.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. M. *Gripe*, I was comming to desire that I might have your absence at my wedding, for I hear say you are very liberal grown alate.

For I spake with thre or four of your debtors this morning
that ought you a hundred pound a piece,
And they told me that you sent M. *Churms* to them, and took
of them ten pounds,
And of some twenty, and delivered them their bonds,
And bad them pay the rest when they were able.

Gripe. I am undone, I am rob'd, my daughter, my mony !
Which way are they gone ?

Will. Faith sir, it's all to nothing, but your daughter and
M. *Churms* are gone both one way.

Marry, your money flies some one way, and some another :
And therefore 'tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe. Follow them, make hue and cry after them,
My daughter, my money, all's gone, what shall I do ?

Will. Faith if you will be rul'd by me,
I'll tell you what you shall do :
(Marke what I say) for i'll teach you the way to come to
Heaven if you stumble not ;
Give all you have to the poor, but one single penny,
And with that penny, buy you a good strong halter,
And when you have done so, come to me, and I'll tell you
what you shall do with it.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Gripe. Bring me my daughter, that *Churms* that villaine,
I'll tear him with my teeth.

Nurse. Master, nay do not run mad,
He'll tell you good news:
My young Master *Fortunatus* is come home,
And see where he comes.

Enter Fortunatus.

Gripe. If thou hadst said *Lelia*, it had been something.

Fortu. Thus *Fortunatus* greets his father,
And craves his blessing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I, here's my Sonne, but *Lelia* she'll not come;
Good *Fortunatus* rise, wilt thou shed tears,
And help thy Father mone?
If so, say I: if not good Sonne be gone.

Fortu. What moves my Father to these uncouth fits?

Will. Faith sir, he's almost mad, I think hee cannot tell
you:

And therefore I presuming sir, that my wits are something
better than his at this time, (do you mark sir?)

Out of the profound circumambulation of my supernatural
wit, sir (do you understand?)

Will tell you the whole superfluity of the matter, sir:

Your sister *Lelia* sir, you know is a woman,
As another woman is, sir.

Fortu. Well, and what of that?

Will. Nay, nothing sir, but she fell in love with one *Sophos*
a very proper wise young man sir;

Now sir, your Father would not let her have him, sir;

But would have married her to one, sir,

That would have fed her with nothing but Barly Bagpud-
dings and fat Bacon.

Now sir, to tell you the truth,

The fool (ye know) has fortune to Land: But Mistresse
Lelias mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

Fortu. And how then?

Will. Marry then there was a certain cracking, cogging,
Pettifogging, Butter-milke slave sir, one *Churms* sir, that
is

WILY BEGVILDE.

is the very quintessence of all the Knaves in the bunch, and if the best man of all his kin had been but so good as a Yeomans sonne,

He should have been a markt knave by Letters patents, And he sir, comes me sneaking, and coozens them both of their wench, and is run away with her :

And sir, belike he has coozend your father here of a great deal of his money too.

Nurse. Sir, your father did trust him but too much ; But I alwayes thought he would prove a crafty knave.

Gripe. My trust's betray'd, my joyes exil'd, Grief kills the heart, my hopes beguil'd.

Fortu. VVhere golden gain doth blear a Fathers eye,
That precious pearl fetcht from *Parnassus* mount
Is counted reffuse, worse then *Bullen* Brasse :
Both joyes and hopes hang on a silly twine,
That still is subject unto flitting time,
That turns joy into grief, and hope to sad dispair,
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care,
Were I the richest Monarch under heaven,
And had one Daughter thrice as fair
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,
Ere I would match her to an untaught swaine,
Though one whose wealth exceeded *Cresus* store,
Her self should choose and I applaud her choice,
Of one more poor than ever *Sophas* was,
Were his deserts but equal unto his,
If I might speak without offence :
You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choice,
As she in natures graces doth excel,
So doth *Minerva* grace him full as well.

Nurse. Now, by Cock and Pie, you never spake a truer word in your life, he's a very kind Gentleman:
For last time he was at our house, he gave me three-pence.

Will. O nobly spoken; God send *Pigge* to prove as wise a woman as her mother, and then we shall be sure to have wise children,

WILY BEGVILDE.

Nay if he be so libera^l, old Grandfire, you shall give him the good will of your Daughter.

Gripe. She is not mine, I have no Daughter now. That I should say I had, thence comes my grief:

My care of *Lelia*, past Fathers love;
My love of *Lelia*, makes my losse the more:
My losse of *Lelia*, drowns my heart in woe:
My hearts woe, makes this life a living death,
Care, Love, Losse, Hearts woe, Living-death,
Joyne all in one, to stop this vital breath.
Curst be the time I gap'd for golden gain,
I curst that time, I crost her in her choice:
Her choice was vertuous, but my will was base,
I sought to grace her from the Indian Mines,
But she sought honour from the starry Mount:
What frantick fit possess my foolish brain?
What furious fancy fired to my heart,
To hate fair vertue, and to scorn desert?

Fortunatus. Then Father, give Desert his due,
Let natures graces and fair Vertues gifts,
One sympathy and happy comfort make,
Twixt *Sophos* and my sister *Lelias* love:
Conjoyne their hands, whose hearts have long been one
And so conclude a happy union.

Gripe. Now 'tis too late:
What Fates decree, can never be recal'd,
Her luckless love is fallen to *Churms* his lot,
And he usurpes fair *Lelias* nuptial bed.

Fortu. That cannot be, fear of pursuit must needs prolong
his nuptial rights;
But if you give your full consent
That *Sophos* may enjoy his long wisht Love,
And have fair *Lelia* to his lovely Bride;
I'll follow *Churms* what ere betide:
I'll be as swift as the light-foot Roe,
And over-take him ere his journey's end,
And bring fair *Lelia* back unto my friend.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Gripe. I here's my hand, I do consent,
And think her happy in her happy choice;
Yet half fore-judge my hopes will be deceiv'd.
But *Fortunatus* I must needs commend
Thy constant mind thou bearest unto thy friend,
The after-Ages wondring at the same,
Shall say, 'Tis a deed deserving lasting fame.

Fortu. Then rest you here till I return again,
He go to *Sophos* ere I go along,
And bring him hear to keep you company:
Perhaps he hath some skill in hidden Arts
Of Planets course, or secret Magick spels,
To know where *Lelia* and that Fox lies hid,
Whose craft so cunningly convey'd her hence. *Exit Fortu.*

Gripe. I, here i'll rest an hour or twain,
Till *Fortunatus* do return again.

Will. Faith sir, this same *Churms* is a very scurvy Lawyer,
for once I put a case to him, and methought his Law was not
worth a Pudding.

Gripe. Why, what was your case?

Will. Marry sir, my case was a Gooses case.
For my dog worried my Neighbour Sow, and the Sow dyed.

Nurse. And he sued you upon wilful murder?

Will. No but he went to law with me, and would make
me either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dog:
Now sir, to the same Retourner I went.

Nurse. To begge a pardon for your dog?

Will. No, but to have some of his wit for my money:
I gave him his fee, and promis'd him a Goose beside, for his
Counsel.

Now sir, his counsel was to deny all was askt me,
And to crave a longer time to answer,
Though I knew the case was plain:

So sir, I take his counsel: and alwaies when he sends to me
for his Goose, I deny it, and crave a longer time to answer.

Nurse.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Nurse. And so the Case was yours, and the Goose was his :
And so it came to be a Gooses case.

Will. True, but now we are talking of Geese,
See where Pegge and my Grannam *Midnight* comes.

Enter Mother Midnight and Pegge.

Mother Mid. Come Pegge, bestir your stumps, make thy
self sinugge, wench : thou must be married to morrow ;
Let's go seek thy sweet-heart,
To prepare all things in readinesse.

Pegge. Why Grannam, look where he is.

Will. Ha my sweet Traililly, I thought thou couldst spy
me amongst a hundred honest men.

A man may see that love will creep where it cannot go.
Ha my sweet, and too sweet : shall I say the tother sweet ?

Pegge. I, say it and spare not.

Will. Nay, I will not say I will sing it.

Thou art mine own sweet-heart,

From thee i'le never depart :

Thou art my Cipedilly,

And I thy Tran-didown-dilly,

And sing Hey ding a ding,

And when tis down, not misse,

To give my wench a kisse :

And then dance canst thou not hit it :

Ho brave William Cricket !

How like you this Grannam ?

Mother Mid. Marry Gods benison light o'th thy good
heart for't :

Ha that I were young again !

Yfaith I was and old doer at these Long-songs, when I was a
Girle.

Nurse. Now by the Mary mattens, Pegge, thou hast got the
merriest wooer in all women-shire.

Pegge. Faith I am none of those that love nothing but Tum
dum diddle.

WILY BEGVILLE.

If he had not been a merry shaver, I would never have had him.

Will. But come my nimble Lasse, let all these matters passe,
And in a bouncing bravaion, lets talk of our copulation :
VVhat good cheer shall we have to morrow ?
Old Grandfire Thick-skin, you that sit there as melancholly
as a mantletree, what will you give us toward this merry
meeting ?

Gripe. Marry, because you told me a merry Gooses case,
I'll bestow a fat Goose on you, and God give you good luck.

Mother Mid. Marry well said old Master : eene God give
them joy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good sweet young
couple.

Will. Grannam, stand out o'th way, for here come Gentle-
folk will run ore you else.

Enter Fortunatus, Sophos and Lelia.

Nurse. Master, here comes your Sonne again.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there ?

VVelcome *Fortunatus*, where's *Sophos* ?

Fortu. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worn with love,
As you with grief for loss of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more, if it be possible
The love of *Lelia* is to me more dear,
Than is a Kingdome, or the richest Crown
That ere adorn'd the temples of a King.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now
Then any man on earth, to me or mine.

It is not now with me as late it was,
I lowr'd at Learning and at Vertue spurn'd,
But now my heart and mind, and all is turn'd.
VVere *Lelia* here, I soon would knit the knot
Twixt her and thee, that time could ne'r untie,
Till fatal Sisters, Victory had won,
And that your glass of life were quite out-run.

Will. Sounds, I think he be spurblind; why *Lelia* stands
hard by him,

Lelia.

WILY BEGVILDE.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falls prostrate on her knee,
And craves a pardon for her late offence.

Gripe. What, *Lelia* my Daughter? stand up w nch :
Why now my joy is full,
My heart is lightned of all sad annoy,
Now farewell grief, and welcome home my joy,
Here, *Sophos*, take thy *Lelias* hand :

Great God of Heaven your hearts combine,
In vertues lore to raise a happy Line.

Sophos. Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fiery Steeds,
And quencht these burning beams that late were wont
To melt my waxen wings, when as I soar'd aloft :
And lovely *Venus* smiles with fair aspect
Upon the spring-time of our sacred love :
Thou great Commander of the circled Orbs,
Grant that this League of lasting amity,
May lie recorded by Eternity.

Lelia. Then wisht content knit up your Nuptial right,
And future joyes, our former griefs requite.

Will. Nay, and you be good at that, i'le tell you what we'l
doe ;

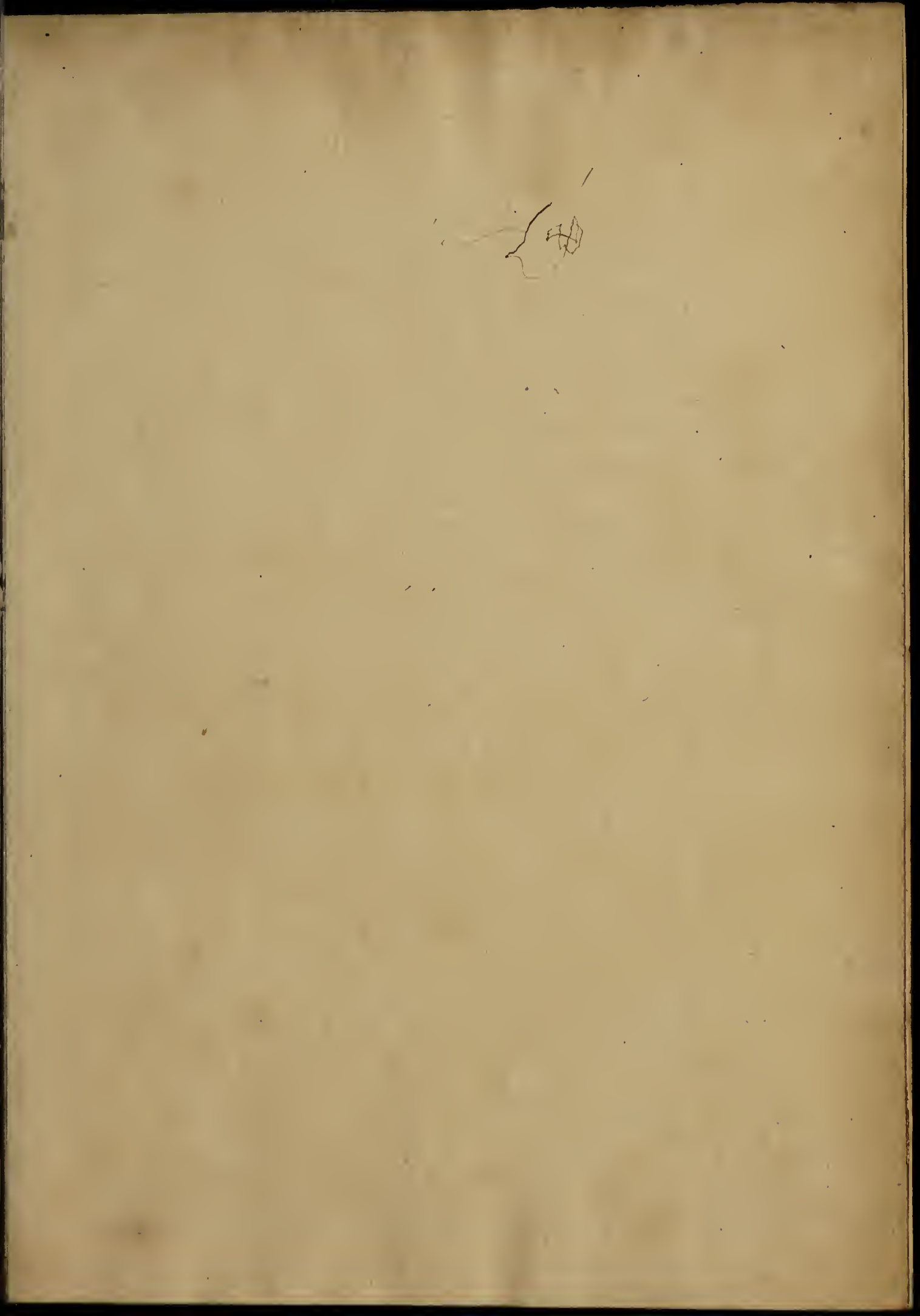
Pegge and *I* must be married to morrow, and if you will,
We'le all goe to Church together, and so save *Sir Iohn* a
labour.

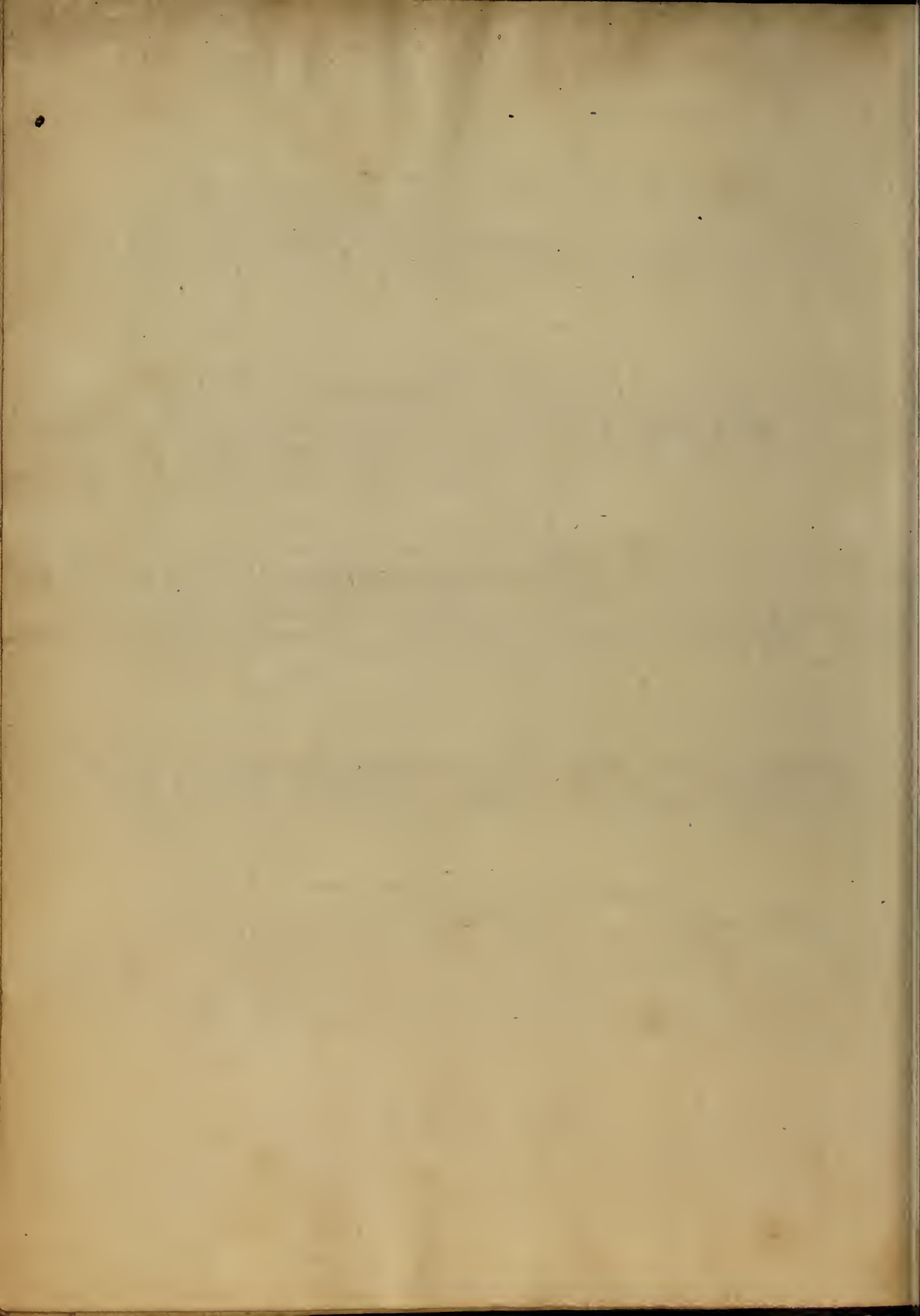
All. Agreed.

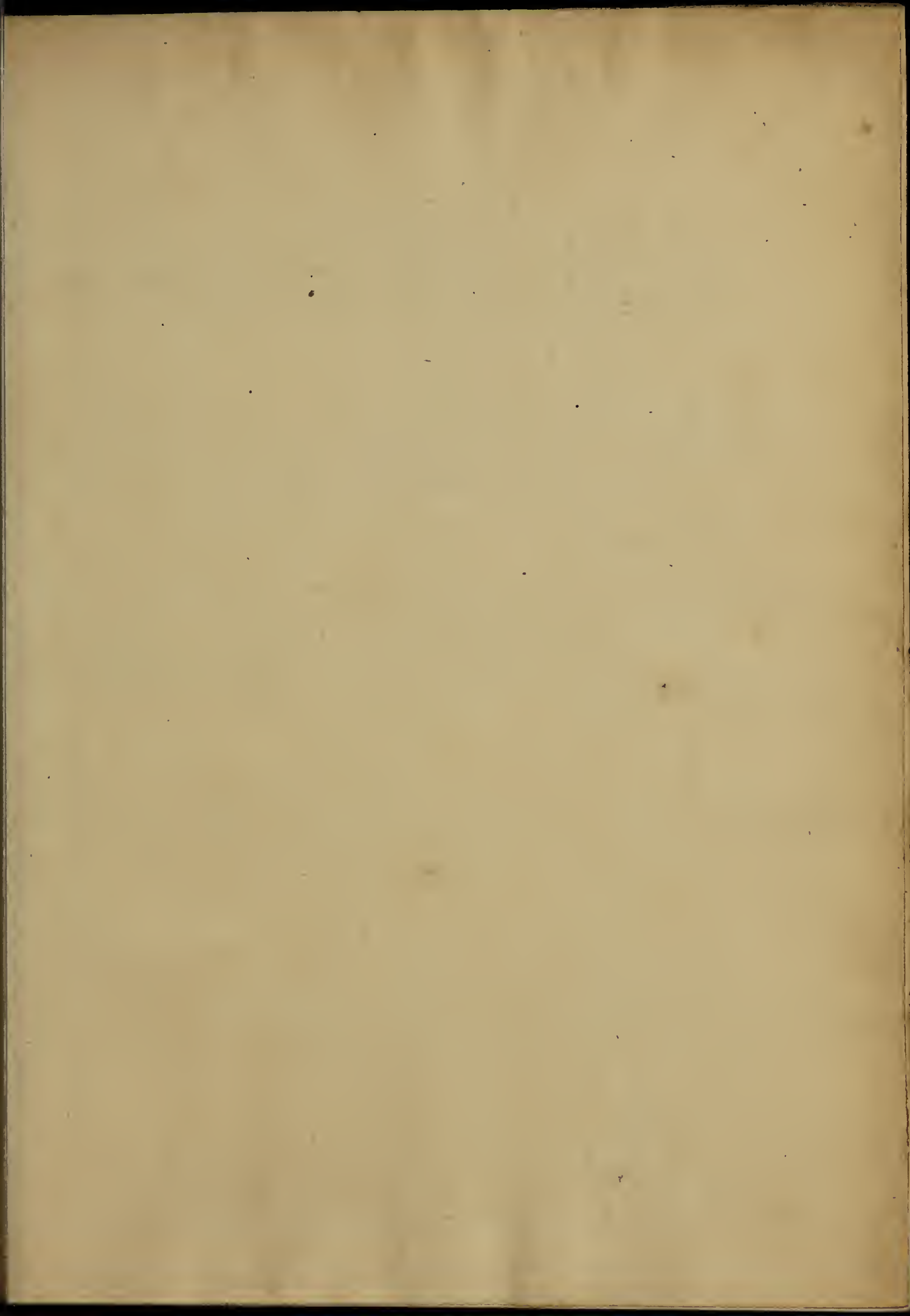
Fortu. Then march along, and let's be gone,
To solemnize two marriages in one.

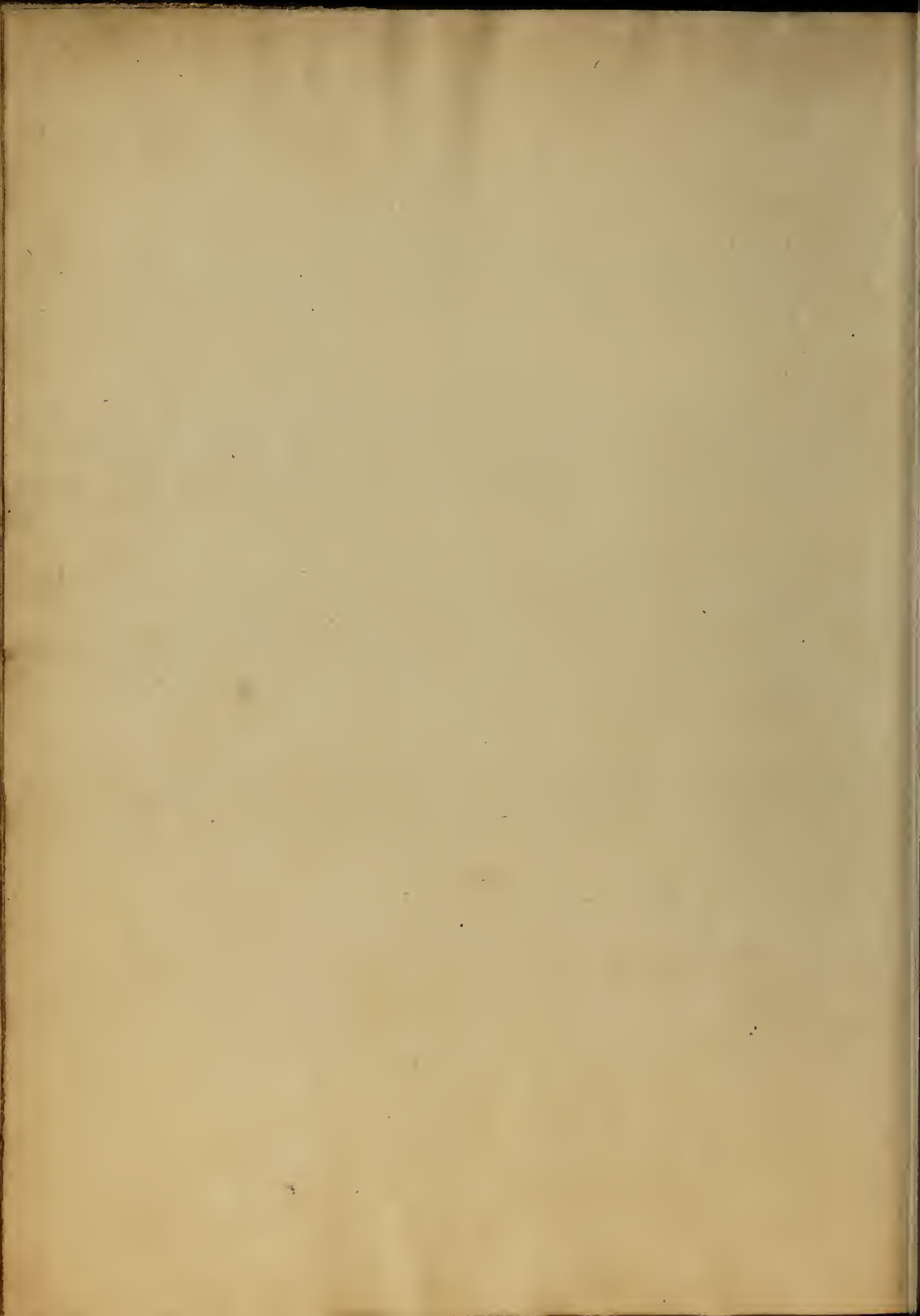
Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.









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